

The Academy

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The Literary Week.

M. MAETERLINCK will contribute an article to the June number of the *Fortnightly Review* called "The Evolution of Mystery." Mr. Alfred Sutro has made the English translation.

M. FLAMMARION's new, and in some quarters eagerly awaited book, *The Unknown*, is a work of close upon five hundred pages. Four hundred of them are devoted to "cases" of telepathic communications made by the dying, transmission of thought, premonitory dreams and divination of the future. In a final chapter called "Conclusion" we find this sentence: "It is certain that one soul can influence another soul at a distance, and without the aid of the senses."

THE Poet Laureate was not inspired when he sat down to sing of Mafeking in seven stanzas. They appeared in the *Times*. We must be content with quoting one:

Once again, banners, fly!
Clang again, bells, on high,
Sounding to sea and sky
Longer and louder
Mafeking's glory with
Kimberley, Ladysmith,
Of our unconquered kith,
Prouder and prouder.

Confound this wretched verse,
So plaguery hard and terse:
Just makes a poet curse
Working for hours:
Bother old Drayton's shade,
Bother the verse he made,
Bother "The Light Brigade,"
Now for my flowers.

We should add that the second of the above stanzas is from a parody of the Laureate's verses in the *Daily News*.

THE title of Mr. Kipling's new novel is, we understand, *Kim of the Rishti*.

Lest We Forget Them, a souvenir of the war by Lady Glover, will shortly be issued by the Fine Art Society. The souvenir will be illustrated by Mr. M. D. Hewerdine, and will contain original poems and new songs by A. Scott-Gatty and Mrs. Salmond. The profits from the sale of the work will be devoted to the widows and orphans of our soldiers and sailors

A CORRESPONDENT assures us that memoirs are of three kinds:

BIOGRAPHIES,
AUTOBIOGRAPHIES, and
OUGHT-NOT-TO-BE-OGRAPIHES.

We agree.

THE *Sphere* publishes the following list of journalists who have suffered in the Boer war:

| | | |
|-----------------------|--------------------------------|---|
| Mr. G. W. Steevens | <i>Daily Mail</i> | Died at Ladysmith of fever. |
| Mr. Mitchell | <i>Standard</i> | " |
| Mr. E. G. Parslow | <i>Daily Chronicle</i> | Murdered at Mafeking. |
| Mr. Alfred Ferrand | <i>Morning Post</i> ... | Killed at Ladysmith. |
| Mr. E. Finlay Knight | " " | Wounded at Belmont; right arm amputated. |
| Mr. Winston Churchill | " " | Captured, and escaped. |
| Mr. Lambie | Australian cor- respondent. | Killed at Rensburg. |
| Mr. Hellowell | <i>Daily Mail</i> | } Captured. |
| Mr. George Lynch | <i>Morning Herald</i> | |
| Mr. Hales | Australian | |

To which must now be added the names of Mr. John Stuart, of the *Morning Post*, who has been captured, and Mr. Charles Hands of the *Daily Mail*, who was severely wounded in the advance on Mafeking. Mr. Lynch arrived in London last week. At Durban he was very ill for several weeks with enteric fever.

THE war-correspondents whose graves are now to be sought on the veldts of South Africa are not likely to be forgotten when the duty of raising monuments in London begins—as it soon must. The names of the war-correspondents who fell in Egypt fifteen years ago are commemorated on a large brass tablet in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral. The inscription is as follows:

IN MEMORY OF
THE GALLANT MEN WHO' IN THE DISCHARGE OF THEIR
DUTY AS

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS

FELL
IN THE CAMPAIGN IN THE SOUDAN,
1883—1884—1885.

EDMOND DONOVAN,
"DAILY NEWS." KASHGIL. NOVEMBER 1883.

FRANK VIZETELLY,
ARTIST. KASHGIL. NOVEMBER 1883.

FRANK POWER,
"TIMES." EL-KAMAR. OCTOBER 1884.

JOHN ALEXANDER CAMERON,
"STANDARD." ABU KRU. JANUARY 19, 1885.

ST. LEGER ALGERNON HERBERT. C.M.G.
"MORNING POST." ABU KRU. JANUARY 19, 1885.

WILLIAM HENRY GORDON,
"MANCHESTER GUARDIAN." KORTI. JANUARY 1885.

FRANK J. L. ROBERTS,
REUTER'S AGENCY. SOUAKIM. MAY 15, 1885.

IN our "Bibliographical" column we deal with a letter we have received from Capt. E. Arthur Haggard, written from Bloemfontein, in which the gallant officer corrects some particulars given in our issue of March 17 of his literary work. It is pleasant to find that a soldier who is wielding his sword for his country can sit down to deal with literary matters.

THE current *North American Review* contains a dramatic poem by Mr. W. B. Yeats, on a theme drawn from Irish legend. Mr. Yeats is one of the few who handle such legends, not as mere exotics, but in a spirit truly and natively kindred to their own. "The Shadowy Waters" seems to us the best thing he has done in this kind for some time. It is very simple, recounting the voyage of the prince Feargal in search of an immortal love foretold by the gods. He finds it in Dectora, a captive woman brought to him from a captured ship among the misty seas; who has herself sailed to find a divinely foretold hero in an unknown holy place. The poem ends with their sailing away alone, to find immortal rest among "the streams where the world ends."

BUT this simple tale Mr. Yeats infuses with all that magic of vaporous dream which is his peculiar and sole secret among living poets. Yet the expression which produces this effect is as pellucid as rain-drops. Full of beauty, it is handled in his finest manner—a manner which recalls his early *Wanderings of Uisheen*. For instance:

He who longs
For happier love, but finds unhappiness,
And falls among the dreams the drowsy gods
Breathe on the burnished mirror of the world
And then smoothe out with ivory hands and sigh.

Or again:

Her eyelids tremble and the white foam fades;
The stars would hurt their crowns among the foam
Were they but lifted up."

It is evident that Mr. Yeats retains his full gift—if, indeed, we have yet seen all that is in its possible development.

MR. CHURTON COLLINS'S edition of the *Early Poems of Alfred Lord Tennyson*, to which we shall return again, is one of the most instructive volumes that a young poet, or any young writer, can place on his shelves. It shows in foot-notes all the alterations of phrase and melody which Tennyson introduced into these poems in successive editions; and in a scholarly introduction Mr. Collins summarises the literary effect produced by these alterations. The student can thus follow step by step the process by which Tennyson wrought a poem to its final beauty. The improvement effected by very simple alterations is often magical, as Mr. Collins is at pains to show. Take, as an instance, the alteration of the lines in the "Dream of Fair Women":

One drew a sharp knife thro' my tender throat
Slowly,—and nothing more,
into
The bright death quiver'd at the victim's throat;
Touch'd; and I knew no more.

In the same poem:

What nights we had in Egypt! I could hit
His humours while I cross'd him. O the life
I led him, and the dalliance and the wit.
is altered to

We drank the Lybian Sun to sleep, and lit
Lamps which outburn'd Canopus. O my life
In Egypt! O the dalliance and the wit,
The flattery and the strife.

In the verses to J. S. two words are altered:

A tear
Dropt on my tablets as I wrote
becomes

A tear
Dropt on the letters as I wrote.

Again, in the *Lotus Eaters* "three thunder-riven thrones of oldest snow" is bettered by the simpler phrase "three silent pinnacles of ancient snow." The text adopted by Mr. Collins in these poems, which number

considerably over a hundred, is that of 1857, but he has been permitted by Messrs. Macmillan to record all the variants which are still protected by copyright. It may be doubted whether any English poet has altered his published verses so freely as did Tennyson. The result is that this is a work of much complexity as it is certainly of much value.

It occasionally happened that Tennyson made an alteration in the interests of truth rather than of style. In all editions of the *Lotus Eaters* until 1884 he allowed the following to stand:

The lizard, with his shadow on the stone
Rests like a shadow, and the cicla sleeps.

Unfortunately the cicla does not sleep at noonday, but is then at his loudest. At last Tennyson banished him from the poem, and wrote "and the winds are dead." To correct what he believed to be another error in natural history he altered in "The Poet's Song" the line "The swallow stopt as he hunted the bee" to "The swallow stopt as he hunted the fly." A correspondent of the *Westminster Gazette* has just pointed out that this alteration was needless, as swallows do catch bees, a fact noted by Virgil and Aristotle, and easily observable to-day where there are hives and swallows.

"THE Romance of Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford," as a subject for an historical novel, was suggested in one of our recent competitions. In the following weeks two writers, Mr. Frank Matthew and Miss Dora McChesney, anxiously wrote to inform us that they were already engaged upon novels based on the career of Strafford. A third writer, Miss E. Aceituna Thurlow, now informs us that she, too, is at work on a novel dealing with this subject. At this rate we shall soon have to set up some telepathic theory to account for these synchronising labours.

In their "Modern Plays" series, Messrs. Duckworth will shortly issue Gerhart Hauptmann's "Das Friedensfest," translated by Mrs. Charrington (Janet Achurch), under the title of *The Coming of Peace*.

In Mr. H. Sutherland Edwards's *Personal Recollections*, to which we make reference elsewhere, there are many literary anecdotes and reminiscences. Mr. Edwards knew Thackeray well, and pronounces him to have been "without affectation or false pride of any kind."

He did not mind speaking of himself; and in answer to my inquiries (after a conversation which had lasted some time) as to whether the success of *Vanity Fair* had taken him at all by surprise—"Very much so," he replied. "And not myself alone," he added. "When a little time before I had asked for permission to republish some tales from *Fraser's Magazine*, it was given to me with a smile—almost an ironical one, as much as to say, 'Much good may you get out of them.' They bring me in three hundred a year now. . . ." He told me, moreover, that Turguéneff had called upon him without an introduction, simply in the character of a foreign admirer of his works, and without saying one word about his own literary position.

MR. EDWARDS has an interesting chapter on Edward Tinsley, the publisher, and the writers he gathered round him. Tinsley was the son of a Hertfordshire gamekeeper, and "in unguarded moments would inform his friends that he came up to London in a billy-cock hat, on the top of a hay-cart. . . . Sometimes, on reviewing the incidents of a previous night, he would say: 'Did I talk about coming up to London in a billy-cock hat, on the top of a hay-cart?' 'No, you didn't.' 'Then I couldn't

have been very far gone." The causes of Tinsley's success were his honesty, his liberality to authors, and his curiously attractive simplicity and self-confidence. He became no mean critic, but his fundamental ignorance was such that when Mr. W. S. Gilbert talked of writing a visit to the Hebrides for him, Tinsley said: "When shall you be back?" "In about a month," was Mr. Gilbert's reply. "A month! Why, it will take you three months to get there! The Hebrides are on the other side of the world." He was thinking of the Antipodes. Tinsley's business was founded on his purchase from Miss Braddon of her novel *Lady Audley's Secret*. Mr. Edwards's account of that transaction is amusing:

Taking a truly audacious flight, he proposed to purchase from Miss Braddon her next new novel, and, being without cash at the time, offered her a thousand pounds for it.

In those days a thousand pounds was a pretty good price for a novel, even for a novel by Miss Braddon, who had just made her first great hit with *Aurora Floyd*. As the offer was made in business-like form, Miss Braddon's husband, the late Mr. Maxwell, wrote to accept it. An agreement would, of course, have to be signed, and the money was to be paid in advance. Nothing could be simpler from the vendor's point of view. . . . He now called upon Messrs. Spalding & Hodge, of Drury-lane, saying that he had made a very advantageous contract with Miss Braddon for her next novel, and that he wanted to know on what terms they would supply the paper.

They were quite ready to give credit; and Tinsley then went to a large firm of printers, saying that Spalding & Hodge would furnish the paper, and that he should be glad if they would undertake the printing. This they were prepared to do on easy terms. A novel of Miss Braddon's would be sure to sell; and if Mr. Tinsley had bought the copyright of her next book, and had arranged with Spalding & Hodge about the supply of paper, they could, of course, give credit for the printing.

Then it occurred to the ingenious young Tinsley that he had not bought anything at all from Miss Braddon: he had only promised to do so. He confided his difficulty to Messrs. Spalding, who, unwilling that good business should be spoiled for want of a thousand pounds, gave him a cheque for that amount.

MR. EDWARDS was much in Paris in the 'fifties, and he was intimate with Gavarni, the caricaturist, who was intimate with Balzac.

"How is Balzac in ordinary conversation?" I once asked Gavarni. "*Il est bête*," was the reply.

"But what do you mean by '*bête*'?" I inquired.

"What everyone else means. He had no wit, except pen in hand, and he found it very difficult to get to work. He would cover a sheet of paper with words, and phrases, and sentences, without any particular meaning, just as you have sometimes seen me cover a wood-block with initial letters and fantastic designs of all kinds. Then, when he had once got under weigh, he would go on working for hours without stopping, beginning perhaps in the evening, and working throughout the night."

MR. HENLEY's causerie in the June *Pall Mall Magazine* is "Concerning Atkins. Incidentally, Mr. Henley recalls Mr. Kipling's early connexion with the *National Observer*, and we have this interesting passage:

It was my privilege, as the editor of a journal still remembered fondly by the chosen few who wrote for it, still regretfully recalled by the chosen fewer who read it—it was my privilege, I say, to print, from week to week, those excellent numbers of which a faint and feeble echo is heard in what is probably the most popular song of any age—"The Absent-Minded Beggar," to wit. I do not think they did the journal any good—these songs of the barrack and the march: fresh, vigorous, *vévues*, surpassingly suggestive as they were, I do not think they did the journal any good—in fact, I know they did it none at all. But they were presently collected (together

with "Cleared" and "Tomlinson" and "The Flag of England," to name no more, all from the same print) into a book; and that book has been for years perhaps the most popular array of verses in the English tongue.

A NEW American magazinette, called the *Magazine of Poetry* (Daniel Mallett), is a typical booklet of its kind. We confess we find it a too miscellaneous and facile selection. It consists of poems old and new—poems by Milton and Ida Whipple Benham, Herrick and Eaton S. Barrett, Waller and Abbie Farwell Brown, Cowper and Ethel Lynn Beers, Byron and Dwight Anderson. The subscription is a dollar a year, and the poems are chosen and cut to fit two or three to a page. Certainly, it is pleasant to have poetry brought before one in the very stress of life; and that, we take it, is the mission of the *Magazine of Poetry*. Poetry for the breakfast-plate, the luncheon-hour, and the odd moment is what it provides. Hence it is, perhaps, unfair to find anything incongruous in its advertisements of the Breeze-Net Underwear, and the Flexible Pot and Kettle Scraper.

CLAUDIUS CLEAR of the *British Weekly* has been deploring the decadence of the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh Reviews*, declaring that instead of attracting good writers they "seem to take what they can get." The charge would have been more difficult to reply to if Claudius Clear had not, with his usual courage, adventured into judgments in matters of detail. He suggested that these reviews had published no papers that have excited a "real sensation" since Deutsch's article on the Talmud in 1867. This was magnificent, but Mr. Murray, who replies in the *British Weekly* on behalf of the *Quarterly*, seems to have the best of the argument in the following remarks:

"Exciting a real sensation" is a vague term. We neither expect nor wish that the *Quarterly* should excite sensation among the readers of cheap magazines and scrapet literature, but that it has produced a sensation among educated readers on many occasions during the past thirty years is a simple fact "which nobody can deny." Possibly Mr. Clear has never heard of the articles on "Our National Defences," on "The State of English Architecture," on "Disintegration," on "Bolingbroke," on "Keats," on "Virgil," on "The Roman Catholics in England," or of Dean Burgon's articles on the Revised Version, or of Sir Henry Maine's on "Popular Government," or of Mr. Gladstone's article on "Macaulay," to name only a very few. He tells us of his wonderful discernment in detecting Mr. Froude's work in the *Westminster*, and of his admiration for Deutsch's famous article on the Talmud; and yet both these writers contributed other articles to the *Quarterly Review* during the period under condemnation, but have failed to satisfy your critic.

Our own belief is that the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly* papers are as good as they were in 1867, but that, like buildings which have been "built round," these Reviews have ceased to excite awe. Their stature is as great as ever, but they have no longer the advantage of isolation.

So the newspaper proprietor has turned, and has declared war against the paper-maker. If the mantle of the author of *The Market-Place* has fallen upon any living novelist, he should find material in the news "of the greatest possible interest for all engaged in journalism," given by "A Man of Kent," in the *British Weekly*. It is to the effect that "one of the most powerful, determined, and enterprising newspaper firms in London has acquired a very large property in Spain for the cultivation of Esparto grass, and they expect not only to satisfy their own huge demand for paper to supply immediate needs, but to do a great deal more. We shall soon have further news of this startling development, as important in its way as any that has been announced of late."

Bibliographical.

THE issue of the *Early Poems* of Tennyson, with elaborate notes by Mr. Churton Collins, shows us that the unhappy poet is now well in the hands of the annotators. A classic already, he must needs suffer for the distinction. His work has, for some years past, been dished up "for the use of schools." There was a "school edition" of the *Poems* so long ago as 1884. In 1888 came a volume of "Selections, with Notes." That was the beginning of the annotating business. Since then we have had reprints of *Aylmer's Field*, "with Notes" (1891); *The Coming and Passing of Arthur*, "with Notes" (1891); *Tennyson for the Young*, "with Notes" (1891); *Geraint and Enid*, "with Notes" (1892); *Gareth and Lynette*, "with Notes" (1892); *The Princess*, "with Notes" (1892); *The Holy Grail*, "with Notes" (1893); *Morte d'Arthur*, "with Notes" (1894); *Guinevere*, "with Notes" (1895); *Lancelot and Elaine*, "with Notes" (1895); and again *The Princess*, "with Notes" (1899). Many more, no doubt, will follow, till school-children become as well and as unwillingly acquainted with Tennyson as they are with Virgil and Horace.

There is, by the way, one point of Tennysonian bibliography on which I must correct Mr. Collins. He reprints, in an appendix, such of Tennyson's poems, published in 1830 and 1833, as were either temporarily or finally suppressed. Those which (he says) were suppressed altogether he prints in small type. Among these small-type pieces I note (p. 295) the "National Song" beginning:

There is no land like England,
Where'er the light of day be.

But this song cannot truthfully be described as "suppressed." It consists of two stanzas, with a double "chorus"; and those stanzas were incorporated by the poet in the second act of "The Foresters," each with a new chorus. Arthur Sullivan set the lines to music, and to very stirring music withal, which mine ears did hear when "The Foresters" was produced at Daly's Theatre. The poet's new choruses answer their purpose excellently, but the old are worth remembering for their patriotic fervour:

Our glory is our freedom,
We lord it o'er the sea,
We are the sons of freedom,
We are free.

Dr. Garnett, in his memoir of Miss Mathilde Blind—just issued by way of preface to her *Collected Poems*—tells us that the lady was a keen admirer of the work of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Of that fact there is proof positive in one of Miss Blind's lyrics—the one entitled "Rest" (pp. 427-8). This lyric begins:

We are so tired, my heart and I,
Of all things here beneath the sky,

and ends:

But we are tired. At Life's crude hands
We ask no gift she understands,
But kneel to him she hates to crave
The absolution of the grave.

This, obviously, is an echo, in part, of Mrs. Browning's poem, "My Heart and I," which opens thus:

Enough! we're tired, my heart and I.
We sit beside the headstone thus,
And wish that name was carved for us.

Mrs. Browning, however, closes more cheerfully than Miss Blind does. She says:

And if, before the days grew rough,
We once were loved, used—well enough,
I think, we've fared, my heart and I.

Some weeks ago I had a note about the publications by living writers of the name of Haggard. The first to make that name well known and popular was, of course, Mr. Rider Haggard. Later on it became obvious that there were other Haggards in the literary field—a fact complicated by the adoption by one of them of the *nom de guerre* of "Arthur Amyand." A letter received by my editor from Bloemfontein (dated April 28) puts the matter in a pleasantly clear light. The letter is from one of the Haggards in question—Captain E. Arthur Haggard—now on active service in South Africa. Herein we find particulars which will enable the public to differentiate Captain Arthur Haggard from Lieut.-Col. Andrew Haggard, who is also a penman. Captain Arthur Haggard's publications, so far, are four in number: *Only a Drummer Boy* (1894), *With Rank and File; or, Sidelights on Soldier Life* (1895), *Comrades in Arms* (1895), and *The Kiss of Isis* (1900). The first two of these were issued under the pseudonym of "Arthur Amyand." So was the first edition of *Comrades in Arms*; but when that work appeared in a second edition, the author's real name, as well as his pseudonym, was given on the title-page, and this latter arrangement has also been adopted in the case of *The Kiss of Isis*.

Lieut.-Col. Andrew Haggard is responsible for the story called "Dodo and I," issued in 1889, and also, I believe, for books entitled *Ada Triscott*, *Leslie's Fate*, *Tempest Torn*, *Under Crescent and Star*, and *Hannibal's Daughter*. Now, I think, the matter, as between "Arthur" and "Andrew," may be said to have been made intelligible.

It has been stated that the memoir of Queen Victoria which Messrs. Cassell are now issuing was the last piece of literary work done by the late Mrs. Oliphant. I think that if careful inquiry were made it would be found that the final effort of Mrs. Oliphant's pen was the appreciation of "The Sisters Brontë" which she contributed to the volume called *Women Novelists of Queen Victoria's Reign*, published by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett in the summer of 1897. That essay, though bearing marks of haste in composition, is one of the most vigorous things produced by Mrs. Oliphant, and ought to be in the possession of every enthusiast about the Brontës. Why do not the publishers issue it as a separate publication, as they did in the case of Mrs. Parr's essay on Mrs. Craik? It was, and is, by far the best section of a very interesting book.

I cannot "enthuse" over the fact that Mr. Charles Firth has written a monograph on Oliver Cromwell for the "Heroes of the Nations" series. I think there are already by far too many books about Cromwell. There is no occasion to go back so far as Carlyle's famous work. Take only the two last decades. In the course of that period we have had biographies of Cromwell by J. A. Picton and F. W. Cornish (1881), E. Paxton Hood (1882), Frederic Harrison (1888), Arthur Paterson (1899), C. H. Polle (1899), Sir R. Tangye (1899), and S. R. Gardiner (1899). As if that were not sufficient, we have had *Cromwell as Protector* (1890), *Anecdotes of Cromwell* (1891), an account of *Cromwell in Ireland* (1896), *Cromwell's Place in History* (1897), *The House of Cromwell* (1897), *The Religion of Cromwell* (1897), *Cromwell's Scotch Campaigns* (1898), and *Cromwell as a Soldier* (1899). I venture to say that, for the time being, this is enough. Let Cromwell have a rest.

There is an announcement of a memoir of the late Captain Mayne Reid by his widow; but surely this can be nothing, or little, more than a new edition of the memoir of her husband published by that lady just ten years ago. Mrs. Mayne Reid, it would seem, is the author of "a romance of the West" called *George Markham*. Will Mayne Reid himself ever find a worthy successor? There are many excellent writers for boys, but to me it seems as if none of them altogether takes Mayne Reid's place.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

The Celtic Mind.

The Divine Adventure; Iona; By Sundown Shores: Studies in Spiritual History. By Fiona Macleod. (Chapman & Hall. 6s.)

THIS latest volume of Miss Fiona Macleod's is a very miscellaneous collection, united only by the common spiritual outlook which is the writer's heritage from her race. It is less fictional in form than her previous books, and more directly personal in its reminiscences of her country's native legends. The opening piece is a somewhat lengthy allegory, of unusual conception, which is followed by a paper of about equal length dealing in very interesting fashion with the legendary associations of Iona. To this succeed a number of short pieces treating of Gaelic superstitions, and the book very appropriately ends with an essay on the Celtic Movement, in which Miss Macleod is so prominent a figure.

We have not in the past been enthusiastic admirers of Miss Fiona Macleod. We have been repelled by what seemed to us the defects of her literary style; the uncouth "word-painting," the overstrained picturesqueness and effects of verbal colour, with which she endeavoured to enhance the natural imaginative power of ancient story; above all, the effort after poetic imagery, just missing the mark of true originality and completion, which is more irritating than total incompleteness. As regards these matters, Miss Macleod appears to us to have made great advance in power. "The Divine Adventure" she will not have to be an allegory, but a "symbolical presentment." There is no need to quarrel about names. It is virtually an allegory, though not of that kind in which the primary and secondary meaning run side by side without intermixture. Here the two are varying intertwined, so that the story is not complete in itself without the underlying significance. In spite of the abhorrence which she professes of vagueness, her "symbolical presentment" seems to us to err by vagueness, the result (we are inclined to think, with all respect) of incomplete personal insight. But what immediately concerns us is, that it is told with real beauty of imagination and frequent beauty of expression. And the same throughout the book. Indeed, those pieces in which she adopts the direct note of personal reminiscence and confidence contain some of her best writing. She has gained in taste, the set description and "word-painting" is sparser; now and again is a phrase or word of striking aptness, vivid without being forced, or an image in the true sense poetic. When, for instance, she sees a fairy "like the green stalk of a lily and had hands like daisies," or feels herself in dream "lifted on sudden warm fans of dusk." Other and yet better touches there are, which we cannot at this moment go back upon. To dream of being the wind is almost in itself warrant of poetic temperament, did the writer give no other evidence of it in these pages. Enough that it is no longer possible to doubt we have in Miss Fiona Macleod a writer of true imagination and steadily growing gift of expression—not yet, perhaps, quite mature.

But passing from this matter, it would be an error to overlook the final essay, called simply "Celtic," in which Miss Macleod treats of a question which has much exercised the minds and pens of English writers. What is the Celtic Movement? As one of the principal figures in that movement, she is peculiarly qualified to speak; and to a distinct utterance on the subject from a principal writer concerned in it, we are peculiarly glad to listen. Miss Macleod, perhaps, rather seeks to dissociate herself from some of the ideas put forth by the critics or friends of the movement than directly to elucidate its nature; but in doing so she actually sheds more light on its character than any writer we have read. To disclaim what it is not

goes a long way towards stating what it is; nor does Miss Macleod leave us without positive utterance on its aims. It is the wisest counsel that has been put forth by any of the Neo-Celtic writers, and does much to set the Celtic Movement on the only track possible for it, if it is not to follow futile and self-stultifying ends. She is, like most of us, somewhat sick of the title, and of the mistaken notions which have been identified with it. She protests against the idea that it is an attempt to reconstruct the past. For herself, she does not seek to reproduce old Celtic presentments of tragic beauty and tragic fate, but to discover their secret of beauty in the nature and life of the present, by means of imagination, which can still exercise the myth-making faculty on the existence of to-day. She avers (and we sympathise with her) that she is no great believer in "movements" and "renascences." But so far as the Celtic Movement is a fact, she considers it the expression of "a freshly inspired spiritual and artistic energy," coloured by racial temperament, and drawing its inspiration from "the usufruct of an ancient and beautiful treasure of national tradition." Its aim is, or should be, to pour that treasure into the common treasury of English literature, informed with all the qualities of the Celtic nature, and so enrich by its infusion the common life of the Britannie race. For in the opening of this great fountain of Gaelic legend lies the power and opportunity of the Celtic writers.

Miss Macleod, as will be discerned from the foregoing, protests strongly against any partizan interpretation of the movement; and this protest is further emphasised when she comes to the question naturally arising next: What are the characteristics of the Celtic nature, as exhibited in a Celtic literature? Miss Macleod tells us:

Intimate natural vision; a swift emotion that is sometimes a spiritual ecstasy, but sometimes is also a mere intoxication of the senses; a peculiar sensitiveness to the beauty of what is remote and solitary; a rapt pleasure in what is ancient and in the contemplation of what holds an inevitable melancholy; a visionary passion for beauty which is of the immortal things, beyond the temporal beauty of what is mutable and mortal.

Yet she adds:

Even in these characteristics it does not stand alone, and, perhaps, not pre-eminent. There is a beauty in the Homeric hymns that I do not find in the most beautiful of Celtic chants; none could cull from the gardens of the Gael what in the Greek anthology has been gathered out of time to be everlasting; not even the love and passion of the stories of the Celtic mythology surpass the love and passion of stories of the Hellenic mythology. The romance that of old flowered among the Gaelic hills flowered also in English meads, by Danish shores, amid Teuton woods and plains. I think Catullus sang more exquisitely than Baidé Honeymouth, and that Theocritus loved nature not less than Oisín. . . . That there is in the Celtic peoples an emotionalism peculiar in kind and, perhaps, in intensity, is not to be denied; that a love of nature is characteristic is true, but differing only, if at all, in certain intimacies of approach; that visionariness is relatively so common as to be typical, is obvious. But there is English emotion, English love of nature, English visionariness, as there is Dutch, or French, or German, or Russian, or Hindu. There is no nationality in these things save in the accident of contour and colour.

It is a frank acknowledgment which many a perplexed Englishman will hail. It is in accordance with our own inward protest and perception that we find in English and other literatures what is supposed to be specially Celtic. It is not, then, solely Celtic, but wholly Celtic. Others have it, but the Celts nought else. In Celtic literature it is absolute and unmingled. This may be a merit or it may be a limitation, but it is undoubtedly a distinction, a differentiation. And we are glad to find it stated by one so competent to speak as Miss Macleod.

Nor will she admit the notion that the new movement is to be a throwing off the yoke of English literary tradition,

a kind of separatist movement in literature, a literary '98. "As though a plaster-cast, that is of to-day, were to revolt against the Venus of Milo or the Winged Victory, that is of no day," she exclaims.

There is no law set upon beauty. It has no geography. It is an open land. And if, of those who enter there, peradventure any comes again, he is welcome for what he brings; nor do we demand if he be dark or fair, Latin or Teuton or Celt. . . . I do not know any Celtic visionary so rapt and absolute as the Londoner William Blake, or the Scandinavian Swedenborg, or the Flemish Ruysbroeck; or any Celtic poet of nature to surpass the Englishman Keats; nor do I think even religious ecstasy is more seen in Ireland than in Italy.

That is the right spirit. And she goes on to say:

When I hear that a new writer is of the Celtic school, I am left in some uncertainty, for I know of many Anglo-Celtic writers, but of no "school," or what present elements would inform a school.

It is exactly our uncertainty. "It is obvious," she concludes, "that if one would write English literature, one must write in English and in the English tradition." That is a true word, said in a needful season. "When I hear that 'only a Celt' could have written this or that passage of emotion or description, I am become impatient of these parrot-cries, for I remember that if all Celtic literature were to disappear the world would not be so impoverished as by the loss of English literature, or French literature, or that of Rome or Greece." So declares Miss Macleod, and she finishes her protest against "pseudo-nationalism" by the statement that "as for literature, there is, for us all, only English literature. All else is provincial or dialectic."

The Celtic Movement, then, according to her view, is a movement in English literature, and its object is to infuse that literature with the qualities of vision, subtle emotion, intimacy with nature, and aspiration towards the spiritual world, which the Celt possesses more singly and tenaciously than other races, though they do not belong to him exclusively. And its peculiar advantage for this purpose lies in its storehouse of Gaelic legend, virgin and unexhausted by the English-speaking world. It will be distinctive in so far as racial temperament naturally and subtly tinges it, not by any deliberate distinctions of form or style. The pronouncement is interesting and, as we have said, timely, if only for what it protests against and condemns, for its extinguishing of false lights. That Miss Macleod's own work conforms to the ideals she has thus set forth no reader of the present book can doubt. She sees the whole world transparent (as it were) by the contained light of the Unseen. How different, even at the present day, are her countrymen from anything possible in an Englishman, a single story in her book is enough to show. It concerns a chandler in an Argyll village, respectably prosaic enough at ordinary times, whom the author personally knew; but at certain prolonged seasons he became *féy* of the sea; he would steal from his house, strip himself naked, and sit gazing at the sun; or he would rush down to the sea, and

stoop and lift handfuls out of the running wave, and throw the water above his head, while he screamed or shouted strange Gaelic words. Once he was seen striding into the sea, battling it with his hands, defying and deriding it, with stifled laughter that gave way to cries and sobs of broken hate and love. He sang songs to it; he threw bracken and branches and stones at it; cursing; then falling on his knees would pray, and lift the water to his lips, and put it on his head. He loved the sea as a man loves a woman.

Once, when he had been away five weeks, he returned,

hair and beard were matted, and his face was death-white; but he had already slipped into his habitual clothes, and looked the quiet, respectable man he was. The two who were waiting for him did not speak. "It's

a fine night," he said; "it's a fine night, an' no wind. Marget, it's time we had in mair o' thae round cheeses fra Inverary."

From such a race something distinctive should come in literature, could it get itself uttered. Meantime, those who would understand something of it, and the living past which goes to make it what it is, should read this exceedingly interesting and finely written book—the most personal Miss Macleod has given us, and to us in many ways her best.

New Studies in Old Subjects.

Pro Christo et Ecclesia. (Macmillan.)

Cranmer and the Reformation in England. By Arthur D. Innes, M.A. ("The World's Epoch-makers.") (T. & T. Clark.)

Village Sermons in Outline. By the late Fenton John Anthony Hort, D.D. (Macmillan.)

Ephesian Studies. By Handley C. G. Moule, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The Rise of the New Testament. By David Saville Muzzey, B.D. (Macmillan.)

The Genius of Protestantism. By R. M'Cheyne Edgar, M.A., D.D. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)

ONE opens a little unsigned tractate in pale blue, entitled *Pro Christo et Ecclesia*, without any wild excitement of expectancy; therefore it is with the larger satisfaction that one finds realised the hope he had not dared to entertain—the hope, to wit, of finding within the dainty boards the fruit of sincere and original thought. The anonymous author approaches the Gospel records with a mind admirably balanced between the Christian tradition of nineteen centuries and the freedom characteristic of the twentieth and of an age of unrestrained criticism. He brings to his study a heart of personal devotion and a singular power of concentration, which could hardly fail to shed light upon some unfamiliar facet even of a life which, as far as the scanty record will allow, has been the subject of innumerable and lifelong meditations.

The fruit of his contemplation seems to be a kind of gentle antinomianism tempered by the obligations of humility and love. The bitter denunciation of those excellent persons the Pharisees—what was its motive? Why were all those woes hurled against men "well known to be straining every nerve to attain an ideal of righteousness in which they honestly believed"? Because such striving after perfection involved separatism, which is, so to speak, the obverse of pride; and pride it is which, instead of delighting in personal service, says, "I must be, must do, must have something better than you are, do, have." The habitual wistfulness of divine desire for human love is reflected by glimpses in the soul of the lover or parent, and particularly at the moment of flouting or ingratitude. It is to a like attitude towards all men, for the sake of that which in each is good, that the teaching of the Christ exhorts; in whose life we see "the great value which God sets on *bonhomie*, the godlikeness of simple good-nature." In fine, of Jesus we read: "It is the clearness of his insight into the all-pervading pride of humanity and the humility of God which is surely the keystone of his character and the highest proof that he comes from above and not from beneath." We commend, by imitation, the discarding of the initial capital with which, by a paltry convention, it is customarily sought to give dignity to the august pronoun.

The turning-point of English ecclesiastical history was, of course, the sixteenth century; and it may be taken as a favourable sign of the character of our own times that the

men and women of that epoch are beginning to emerge from the incredible disguises in which the prejudices of historians had enveloped them, to be revealed as the mixed human beings that it was antecedently probable that in fact they were. Mr. Innes's popular book about Cranmer is an evenly balanced estimate of the man's character, set in a temperate record of the process by which the English Reformation was accomplished; a record from which even the reader to whom the subject is already familiar may rise with an added sense of comprehension, and without any irritated suspicion that he has been victimised by a pleader of the cause of any particular school of Anglicanism.

Cranmer succeeded Warham in the chair of St. Augustine—last primate but one of the old succession, first doctor of the new heresy—in 1533. Chance had brought him to the royal favour—the report of his suggestion that “the king's matter” (the question of the divorce) should be referred to the universities, and that upon their decision, without further reference to the Holy See, his majesty should take a final step. This was to reduce the papal authority to the level of a mere expert opinion, and precisely in this elevation of the civil power above the spiritual consisted the originality of Cranmer's position. The man was further fitted to serve the ends for which Fate designed him by a character abnormally susceptible to the suggestions of a stronger will.

With men like More and Fisher [writes Mr. Innes] conscience was too independent. A Wolsey might be too much influenced by personal ambitions. Gardiner had too large a share of the wisdom of the serpent. But Cranmer was not ambitious; he was not astute; and, although he was not likely to go against his conscience, he was of the type of those who take their conscience with them into unexpected situations. The chances were that if Cranmer found the royal conscience and his own in opposition he would think that his own had made a mistake.

Again:

Unhappily his amiability was coupled with an entire lack of self-reliance, which to more virile minds assumes the aspect of a slavish obsequiousness to the ruling powers. Yet the man was no self-seeking hypocrite, no adventurer like Cromwell, no intriguer like half the courtiers of the day. But to all appearance, whenever he was brought into contact with a really masterful personality, such as Henry's or Cromwell's, he lost the power of independent judgment, and found himself impelled to surrender to the dominating force.

His weakness was the weakness of the man “who never trusts his own judgment if it is opposed by that of another in whom he has learned to place implicit reliance”; hence “he was ever alternating between intellectual convictions which he trembled to avow and avowals which went beyond his convictions.” In the hearts of posterity he has but few friends:

To the extreme “Catholic” party, he is the man who betrayed the Church to Erastianism; to the Puritans, he is a Mr. Facing-both-ways; and to those who join neither extreme, he is a guide whose shame they cannot deny. Despite that great rallying of his courage, when he retracted his recantation and faced his doom, steadfast in self-abasement, every deed of his career is coloured by one pitiful failure.

The least of martyrs he may be; let us remember him then rather for his incomparable rendering of the prayers of the liturgy, and confess that English literature owes him a debt that a great indulgence can only partially repay. After all, it must be very painful to be burnt alive.

In the late Dr. Hort's village sermons there is nothing daring; but though perfectly orthodox, and though written merely in outline, they may be studied consecutively with a placid satisfaction, and without their leaving with the reader any sense of incompleteness. Nor by any person familiar with English village life will they be found lacking in a certain charm; for in the simplest words they

speak, out of the abundance of a great scholar, simple thoughts to the simple souls of peasantry. The parts of the Prayer Book services, and the doctrine of the sacraments as understood by the Church of England, the Sermon on the Mount, the Resurrection, are subjects of which each furnishes a course. Take as an example of Dr. Hort's manner a passage on that rather difficult subject the indiscriminate use of the Psalter in public worship:

No other book of prayer or praise would bear to be so boldly treated. There would be a constant sense of jarring and unfitness. None will really feel this in the Psalms who try to follow them, who try to suit their own words [moods?] to the words of those who wrote them. The Psalms above all the rest of the Bible are full of that which is the mark of the whole Bible, the mixture of God's part and man's part. . . . Often we cannot separate the two, we cannot say whether man is speaking or God, for, indeed, God's voice is never so entirely Godlike as when it speaks through the deepest experience of a man; and a man is never so much himself as when he loses himself in the thought of God's doings, “standing still to see the salvation of God.” This mingling of God's part and man's part belongs especially to worship. . . . Only Christians, who know how God and man met in the person of their Lord and Saviour, can fully reap the benefit of this character of the Psalms.

Dr. Moule's “Expository Readings” of the Pauline Epistles are continued by this running commentary on the letter to the Ephesians. The extraordinary difficulties of this most characteristic document are well known, and to their solution the Norrisian Professor brings all the resources of scholarship and enthusiasm. It is, perhaps, by an idiosyncrasy that we are disabled from unqualified admiration of the results of his labours in the form here put on. Here, for example, is the second verse of the “Celestial Letter.” It runs, briefly and poignantly, in the Authorised Version thus:

Grace be to you and peace from God, our father, and the Lord Jesus Christ.

Dr. Moule expands this into:

Grace to you and peace, free and benignant divine favour, and its fair resultants of reconciliation with the Holy One and inward rest through his presence in the heart, from God our Father and from the Lord Jesus Christ.

One might almost imagine that the actual process had been reversed—that the Apostle had strengthened his final transcript by deleting the words which, in fact, his commentator has inserted. Shall some happy generation be born to see *The Egoist* treated thus?

The little volume which its author calls *The Rise of the New Testament* is written with a good deal of spirit. Therein Mr. Muzzey is minded to give the general reader a comprehensive view of the methods and results of modern—and particularly of German—criticism. In his introduction he claims for it especially that it lays emphasis upon “the mediation of the methods of research rather than upon its bare results.” Emphasis there is, indeed, in plenty; the essay is fiercely rhetorical in its denunciation of all views of Scriptural Inspiration, and of the Church, which are generally accounted orthodox; but of methods of criticism we seem to have learnt from it little enough. Nor, with all respect to Mr. Muzzey, can we bring ourselves to believe that this particular kind of little book is well adapted to wash away that original sin of “native omniscience” which incidentally he denounces. A certain recklessness of heterodoxy which is to be felt throughout is fairly exemplified in the following sentence. Of our inherited theology Mr. Muzzey writes:

It knows Astronomy better than Copernicus, biology better than Darwin, medicine better than Harvey, and philosophy better than Kant.

The sentence is obscure; but interpreting it so that it shall bear upon the matter in hand, we are unable to excuse it of at least three categorical falsehoods. For the theology we have inherited does not deny the heliocentric system, has no opinion as to the origin of species by progressive differentiation, and does not dispute the circulation of the blood. As to its attitude towards the teaching of Kant—well, even Mr. Muzzey himself must make a choice among rival metaphysicians: the fundamental laws of thought forbid us to accept them all.

"The fact that Jesus was present in bodily person at the first Supper must have made it impossible for the disciples to have taken literally his words 'This is My body.'" So easily does Mr. M'Cheyne Edgar dispose of the figments of Rome. On a similar note he writes:

"But lo! by this auricular confession an intruder enters the family Paradise, and insists as confessor upon knowing individual and family secrets, worms his way into what should be forbidden ground, and soon has the household at his mercy.

This is crudity. There does not seem to be any pressing reason why any one should read this book.

A Poet with the Heartache.

Images of Good and Evil. By Arthur Symons. (Heinemann.)

A POET is what he is, and it is idle to complain that he is not something else. But when a poet has the gifts that Mr. Arthur Symons undoubtedly possesses, one cannot but regret that he should cultivate just one poor little field of all the world's pastures. His is a wan and weary muse; his philosophy of life is attenuated and anæmic; he never escapes from himself. He is all cries, and laments, and regrets. The sun never shines upon him, the birds never sing. He is tired of sorrow, he is tired of rapture, and he "would wash the dust of the world in a soft green flood." We have searched his book in vain for one single, healthy emotion. Even the spring is a distress:

Something has died in my heart: is it death or sleep?
I know not, but I have forgotten the meaning of spring.

And yet in his own perverse way Mr. Symons is a poet. His diction is simple and often exquisite; many of his passages have a haunting and melancholy beauty, but it is the beauty of emotion, not of feeling.

He is ever dallying with a maudlin sentiment that, with him, goes by the name of love. It is never absent from his observation of life. When he sees old women "creeping with little satchels down the street," what is the thought that animates his mood? That age comes bringing its own lamp? Oh no!

And all these have been loved,
And not one ruinous body has not moved
The heart of man's desire, nor has not seemed
Immortal in the eyes of one who dreamed
The dream that men call love. This is the end
Of much fair flesh; it is for this you tend
Your delicate bodies many careful years,
To be this thing of laughter and of tears,
To be this living judgment of the dead,
An old grey woman with a shaking head.

Here is his song to "Night":

I have loved wind and light,
And the bright sea,
But, holy and most secret Night,
Not as I love and have loved thee.

God, like all highest things,
Hides light in shade,
And in the night His visitings
To sleep and dreams are clearest made.

Love, that knows all things well,
Loves the night best;
Joys whereof daylight dares not tell
Are His, and the diviner rest.
And Life, whom day shows plain
His prison-bars,
Feels the close walls and the hard chain
Fade when the darkness brings the stars.

In writing of Mr. Symons's poetry we cannot dissociate it from his philosophy of life, for the two are so mingled, and he insists on their conjunction. The sensuousness, to say nothing of the falseness, of some of his verse is objectionable. What are we to say of a poet who writes and prints such a passage as this?

I drank your flesh, and when the soul brimmed up
In that sufficing cup,
Then, slowly, steadfastly, I drank your soul;
Then I possessed you whole.

There is far too much of this kind of thing in the book. The trail of it is over the so-called religious poems. Such a passage as this, from a poem called "Sponsa Dei," invites one to close the book and throw it away:

All night because of Thee, Christ, I have lain awake,
Night after night I have lain awake in my white bed;
The pillow is as seething fire beneath my head,
The sheets as swathing fire, all night, Christ, for Thy sake.
Night after night I have waited for Thee, all night long,
Mystical bridegroom of this flesh that pants to close
The aching arms of love's desire in love's repose
About Thy conscious presence felt: O Lord, how long?

Mr. Symons is an adept in the choice of words, and his thought, such as it is, is never obscure. He attains simplicity without baldness. Many of his descriptions are beautiful. This, for example:

On some nights
Of delicate Springtide, when the hesitant lights
Begin to fade, and glimmer, and grow warm,
And all the softening air is quick with storm,
And the ardours of the young year, entering in,
Flush the grey earth with buds; when trees begin
To feel a trouble mounting from their roots,
And all their green life blossoming into shoots,
They too, in some obscure, unblossoming strife,
Have felt the stirring of the sap of life.

What he lacks is virility, and that wide and sane outlook upon life which should follow and take the place of the lyrical cry which flames and fades with a poet's early youth. He works the emotions of regret and satiety threadbare, and he uses certain phrases and epithets again and again. He gives us "my indifferent swift feet," her "white, secret, wise, indifferent feet," "the thin white feet of many women dancing," "the daughters of Herodias, with their eternal, white, unfaltering feet"; "the sweet, intolerable thing," "the intolerable fruit of love," and, again, "the sweet, intolerable thing."

"Who shall deliver us from too much love?" is his eternal cry. Well, he might for a change try as an antidote what George Borrow found so much to his taste: "Life is sweet, brother. . . . There's day and night, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon, and stars, all sweet things; there's likewise a wind on the heath." In answer to this, Mr. Symons might point to his "Wanderer's Song." But even that song does not bear the stamp of sincerity. When he sings:

The grass calls to my heart, and the foam to my blood
cries up,

we shake the head.

Give me a long white road, and the grey wide path of the
sea,
And the wind's will and the bird's will, and the heartache
still in me.

That is Mr. Symons all over. He has the heartache before he has packed his bag.

A Gallery of "Characters."

In a Quiet Village. By S. Baring-Gould. (Isbister.)

THE task which Mr. Baring-Gould accomplishes in this little book was well worth attempting: the record of some of the more notable village "characters" whom he has known. Carlyle said once that every parson should write the history of his parish, if only to keep him out of mischief; but if the history of the parish seem too considerable an undertaking, the history of some of its oddities, jotted down from time to time, much as Mr. Baring-Gould has done, might well take its place. For the honest description of any quaint personage is a document, and it is documents that we are needing.

The fact that Mr. Baring-Gould's "quiet village" seems sometimes to be in Wales and sometimes in Devonshire matters very little; it is a circumstance incident to the collecting of odd articles from periodicals, and placing them under one restricted title. The matter of the book is the thing, and that for the most part is good, full flavoured, like all this author's work, if somewhat (also a characteristic of Mr. Baring-Gould's) hastily done. Among the queer men and women whom he tells of is Dan'l Coombe, who for thirty-five years worked secretly on a concordance to the Bible, totally unaware that such a thing existed, and broke his heart with disappointment when the great work was done, and the parson thoughtlessly showed him Cruden's anticipation of it; Haroun the Carpenter, whose thoughts were centred ever in the *Arabian Nights*, and who translated the life of the village into that of Baghdad; and Henry Frost, a local poet, who bought his wife for half-a-crown. Concerning the sale of wives Mr. Baring-Gould has this reminiscence:

Much later than that [1823] there lived a publican some miles off, whom I knew very well; indeed, he was the namesake of a first cousin to a carpenter in my constant employ. He bought his wife for a stone two-gallon jar of Plymouth gin, if I was informed aright. She had belonged to a stonecutter, but, as he was dissatisfied with her, he put up a written notice in several public places to this effect:

NOTICE.

This here be to binform the publick as how G — C — be dispozed to sell his wife by Auction. Her be a dacent, clanelly woman, and be of age twenty-five ears. The sale be to take place in the — Inn, Thursday next, at seven o'clock.

In enumerating cases of the sale of wives Mr. Baring-Gould might have mentioned Mr. Hardy's novel, *The Mayor of Casterbridge*.

One of the pleasantest of the chapters is that describing George Spurlie, an old post-boy. George kept a list of all the folk that he had driven, and this was the conclusion thereof:

Adventurers, photographers, explorers of Mont Blanck [*sic*] and Africa. Commercial [*sic*], astronomers and philosophers and popular auctioneers, Canadian rifles, American merchants, racehorses in vans with gold caps. Mackeral [*sic*] fish and several deans and bankers. Paupers to onions [*sic*]. Some idgots and Sir H. Seale Hayne Bart.

This was the end of poor George:

He fell ill very suddenly and died almost before anyone in the town—where he was well-known—suspected that he was in danger.

But he had no doubt in his own mind that his sickness would end fatally, and he asked to see the landlady of the inn.

"Beg pardon, ma'am!" he said from his bed, touching his forelock, "very sorry I han't shaved for two days and you should see me thus. But please, ma'am, if it's no offence, be you wantin' that there yellow jacket any more? It seems to me post-boys is gone out altogether."

"No, George, I certainly do not want it."

"Nor these?"—you'll understand me, ma'am, if I don't mention 'em."

"No, George; what can you require them for?"

"Nor that there old white beaver? I did my best, but it is a bit rubbed."

"I certainly do not need it."

"Thank y', ma'am, then I make so bold might I be buried in 'em as the last of the old post-boys?"

Mr. Baring-Gould's book is full of quiet entertainment. We recommend it cordially to the desultory reader, and we should like to know that the example which it sets to local historians was yielding fruit.

Feminine Humour.

The Diary of a Dreamer. By Alice Dew Smith. (Unwin.)

MRS. DEW SMITH writes exactly as some of the characters in Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler's novels would write. Her book has passage upon passage like this:

We had no difficulty, however, in finding an empty house. Numbers of people have houses they do not want, and which they are willing to let other people live in for a consideration. The one we found was a sleepy old affair, full of dust and cobwebs, sitting in the middle of a garden that had grown into a wilderness all round it. It had been empty for three years, and had apparently got tired of waiting for some one to come and live in it, for it had gone sound asleep, and we had to shake it and bang it before we could get in.

And, again:

From the day it entered my room I positively adored that kettle. Whether it cast a spell over me, or whether it arose from a disordered state of my imagination, I do not know. But nobody I have ever come across, either in or out of a sick room, could shed such a feeling of warm cosiness and comfort as that diminutive kettle when it set cooing on the hob. I lay and watched it all day long. I counted the hours till I could ask nurse to fill it with water and set it to boil. I listened with suspended breath for its first little purr. If it was allowed to boil over without being lifted off at once I felt nearly frantic. I was in a fever of impatience as soon as the tea was made till it had been sent off to the kitchen to be cleaned, fearing that the black might sink it if it was left too long; in an agony of suspense till it came back again, and perfectly miserable if it stayed away five minutes longer than usual.

In this book may, in fact, be studied, in its most complete expression, the domestic humour of the cultured English-woman whose mind runs to facetiousness. Everything is here: the sweeping generalisations, the exaggerations, the elaborations of the obvious. Women who are funny are nearly always funny in the same way, and that way is crystallised in Mrs. Dew Smith's pages. The trick is patent. "Take a common object [the recipe might run] and say everything that occurs to you about it as smartly and jumpily as possible before you release it again." Here is another scrap to the point:

You tumble a pile of furniture into a room and leave it there while you go and see to something else, hoping that if you leave it alone for a little it will dispose of itself in some way—get into the corners at least, instead of blocking up the doorway. You go back and look at it, anticipating that such an adjustment has taken place. You find it blocking up the doorway in precisely the same clumsy pile as when you left it, with precisely the same blockhead expression of stupidity. You go away and give it another chance. You look in again, and there it sits. Then you give it an impatient push, when it falls heavily on to your toe, and sits there—too loudly imbecile to move off—till your screams call the household to your aid. That anything possessed of four legs, or, at the least, feet, should be so devoid of intelligence makes one positively gasp.

All funny women, as we have said, adopt this formula. Witty women, of course, are more individual; but this is not a witty book. It is a bright, garrulous commentary on every-day affairs, the work of a lively fancy and a very ready pen.

Strength and Obscurity.

The Sunken Bell: a Fairy Play in Five Acts. By Gerhart Hauptmann. Freely Rendered into English Verse by Charles Henry Meltzer. (Heinemann. 4s. net.)

IN England Gerhart Hauptmann is a name only; but he has visited America—*Hannele* was produced in New York after an altercation of the first virulence—and thereupon a cult was established. This slim and pretty volume is a fruit of that cult; it has all the look of an exotic tenderly fostered by enthusiasms, and not meant to endure the withering glance of a vulgar eye. Hauptmann may be, undoubtedly is, a distinguished playwright, but we doubt if he possesses the essential greatness which is claimed for him. He is not wholly fortunate in the ecstatic esteem of Mr. Meltzer, for this admirer lacks precisely what a serviceable admirer should not lack—critical balance and critical tact. Mr. Meltzer has not even the literary sense. In his "foreword" he belauds the play in phrases which would render any praise valueless. "The drama," he says, referring to *The Sunken Bell*, "has, aptly enough, been likened to a symphony. Who would dare say that he has fathomed the whole meaning of the grand 'Choral'?" Or even of less certain master works?" Mr. Meltzer has obviously taken immense pains with the translation, but—he is capable of rhyming "Madonna" with "honour"! Though occasionally he arrives at a certain mild beauty, his work, on the whole, is not even felicitous; it is mediocre, the effort of an industrious and amiable amateur. We regret to have to utter these strictures upon Mr. Meltzer's labour of love, for we are convinced that he was animated by the best impulses; but the inefficiency of a self-constituted champion can only prejudice the cause of the championed, and no good object can be served in disguising the fact.

The Sunken Bell is a remarkable and beautiful play—often vague, often shadowy, sometimes fumbled, but the production of an original and strong imagination. Amid the rout of elves, dwarfs, trolls, wood-sprites, and "elemental spirits," the figure of Heinrich, the bell-founder, is firmly placed as only a poet could have placed it. Rautendelein, the "elfin-creature," who is at once the salvation and the ruin of Heinrich, is a lovely and exquisite creation, free, wayward, joyously tender, and, at the end, poignantly pathetic. Her final descent into the well, the prey of the Water-Man, is one of the fine, sad moments of the piece. In the matter of symbolic incident the play seems weak, unsure. It has the fatal defect of meaning either too much or too little. The parable floats before us elusive as a will-o'-the-wisp. The downward crash of the bell into the mere, the injury of Heinrich and his rejuvenation, the tolling of the sunken bell by the dead hand of Heinrich's earthly wife—of what secret import are these happenings? And the last failure of Heinrich—wherein is the moral of it? What does this passage mean?

HEINRICH.

Ah, woman, list! . . . I know not how it came
That I did spurn and kill my clear bright life:
And, being a master, did my task forsake,
Like a mere 'prentice, quaking at the sound
Of my own handiwork, the bell which I
Had blessed with speech. And yet 'tis true! Its voice
Rang out so loud from its great iron throat,
Waking the echoes of the topmost peaks,
That, as the threatening peal did rise and swell,
It shook my soul! Yet I was master still!
Ere it had shattered me who moulded it,
With this same hand, that gave it form and life,
I should have crushed and ground it into atoms.

WITTIKIN.

What's past is past: what's done is done, for aye
Thou'lt never win up to thy heights, I trow.
This much I'll grant: thou wast a sturdy shoot,
And mighty—yet too weak. Though thou wast called.
Thou'at not been chosen! . . .

It appears to us that Heinrich is made to fail solely because he did not put off humanity entirely, and consent to become a monomaniac of his craft. At the conclusion of Act IV., where his earthly children bring him an urn containing their mother's tears, and simultaneously the corpse-tolled bell sounds up from the lake, the alternative is placed before him in a short scene of extraordinary dramatic intensity and impressiveness; but this scene seriously vitiates the succeeding act.

Continually suggestive, and full of half-stated problems, *The Sunken Bell* might be discussed and glossed *ad infinitum*—with no really useful result. It must be accepted for what it is—a rather fanciful fairy-drama by a writer whose imagination and technique have matured earlier than his theory of life, morals, and art. We are told that in youth Hauptmann wandered across Europe with a copy of *Childe Harold* in his pocket. *The Sunken Bell* is the production of a temperament given to wandering. Probably it was written "in two moods." At any rate, we doubt if even the author could reconcile it with itself.

Other New Books.

CHARTERHOUSE.

By A. H. TOD, M.A.

Boys are most interesting creatures, if we do not tell them so and thereby make them self-conscious. Contemporary public schoolboys are perhaps less interesting collectively than private schoolboys, because they have so much history at their back, and so precocious an instinct for journalism. On the other hand, their schools afford perpetual delight to the antiquary. Charterhouse, the subject of this well-illustrated and readable "handbook," by one of its assistant masters, was opened near Smithfield in July, 1614, in accordance with the bequest of Thomas Sutton. In 1872 the school entered into its present home at Godalming, bearing with it enough traditions to impart an air of venerableness to a new structure. The head monitor of Saunderites sleeps upon Thackeray's death-bed, and it is thought that cake is called "hee" from a wilful misunderstanding of the lines in that old Carthusian's "Little Billee":

There's Bill, as is young and tender,
We're old and tough; so let's eat HE.

Among early Carthusians the name of Richard Crashaw stands out; he was a pupil of Robert Brooke, who "was ejected for flogging boys who did not share his political views." Major-General Baden-Powell,

who kept goal in 1875-6, took a very liberal view of a goal-keeper's functions. His voice enabled him to direct the forwards at the other end of the ground, and his agility enabled him to cheer the spectators with impromptu dances when he had nothing pressing to do.

For a nervous boy Charterhouse should be an ideal school. "Fights have almost ceased . . . and are punished if detected." Pelting with lemon-peel on Shrove Tuesday has been stopped, so has "pulling out," a custom by which a younger son of the Earl of Suffolk lost his life in 1824. The draconic encouragement of gentlemanly behaviour may have developed a singular sensitiveness in the Carthusian who, in 1894, fell with many others from a "wooden structure," where the school was posed for a photograph. This boy "ran home and declared that he was the only survivor." As a matter of fact, a broken arm was the worst injury received by anyone in this promiscuous tumble. (George Bell & Sons. 3s. 6d. net.)

HOW TO DEAL WITH YOUR

BANKER.

By HENRY WARREN.

Few are they who completely master the technique of banking, and we know a nice old lady who is in the habit of getting the rent-collector to make out the cheque wherewith she pays him. Mr. Warren's manual contains

all the information required by our friend, and much more besides, of which business men are often ignorant. Judging, however, from the evidence of this book, one might be chary of dealing with a banker at all. If you are a business man, he "will try his hardest to obtain a commission on the turn-over"; if you have a "deposit account," he will evade the payment of justly-incurred interest; if you are rich, he will make you pay commission twice over by charging it on a "balance brought forward"; if you die, he will be too overcome to acquaint your executors of any balance unknown to them lying to your credit. You have perhaps thought of the banks as providing an occupation for the sons of gentlemen. Not at all: they treat their clerks "with the greatest brutality"; and "those who are appointed to the counter have generally had most of the pluck knocked out of them, and really have not the courage, even when they are driven, to make a dash with their cash." For a specimen of the anecdotal matter of the book let the following suffice:

A somewhat impudent fraud was perpetrated upon a Manchester bank by one of its customers, who opened an account with some few hundreds of pounds. The gentleman, after a few weeks, drew two cheques, each within a pound or so of his balance, and, selecting a busy day, presented himself at one end of the counter, while an accomplice, when he saw that his friend's cheque had been cashed, immediately presented his own to a cashier at the other end. Both cashiers referred the cheques to the ledger-clerk, who . . . thinking the same cashier had asked him twice, said "right" to both cheques. . . . The thieves were never caught.

The book has two faults. The "index" is merely a table of contents, and the animus of an ex-employé is perceptible in several passages. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.)

WIDE WORLD ADVENTURE.

The notorious Fat Boy of *Pickwick* would have delighted in this book, which contains twelve "representative narratives from the pages of the *Wide World Magazine*." The narrative of a servant of the Chartered Company, who was mauled by a lion in 1897, supplies the subject for the picture on the cover. In truth, it was a fearful experience. Ernest Brockman was awakened by a sniff one night, and straightway "huddled all the pillows and bed-clothes up over [his] head and face": "No sooner," he says, "had I done this than the lion, with a horrible *purrr, purrr*, grabbed me by the right shoulder and dragged me out on to the floor, bed-clothes and all. The brute immediately commenced to suck the blood that streamed down my neck and chest, and every time I moved he bit me more savagely." Suspense in Mr. Brockman's, as in other cases, proved an anæsthetic, and so, although he could "distinctly feel each bite," he "was conscious of a strange numbness" in the part attacked.

A striking example of the power of the instinct of self-preservation is the case of Prof. Schmidt, who, finding himself inextricably caught in a Bosnian bear-trap, cut down with his clasp-knife the beech tree to which it was attached, and walked off with the trap on his leg.

Heroism is represented by Dr. Franz Hermann Mueller, who headed the Austrian "plague expedition" to Bombay about two years ago. He took the malady after an exhausting bout of nursing:

Up to the very last all his thoughts were devoted to the task of advancing the interests of science. Every quarter of a hour he analysed his condition, and wrote down the observations he had made on his own body. . . . As long as he could he took his temperature, counted his respirations and his pulse-beats, drew the fever curves. . . .

Women are among the contributors to the volume. One of them went to Klondike; another fell down a chimney. In fine, it is clear that truth, as a story-teller, has nothing to fear by comparison with M. Louis de Rougemont. (Newnes. 2s. 6d.)

Fiction.

The Bath Comedy. By Agnes and Egerton Castle.
(Macmillan. 6s.)

JASPER in books is usually a villain; it is refreshing to find him for once merely "a fine gentleman" with "a neat leg," a passionate temper, and a jealous disposition. Our collaborators bring him through the wildest storm that ever raged in a tea-cup. He is pledged to "pink every auburn buck in the town," because he has found a letter in his wife's drawing-room enclosing "a crisp auburn curl," and containing these words: "The lock was white before you touched it, but you see you have turned it to fire." So poor frantic Sir Jasper Standish goes so far as to pluck the wig off the head of an elderly colonel and to lay hands on the Lord's anointed. But Sir Jasper is not the only person careering about in the tea-cup. The fair witch whose incantations produce the storm therein has lovers galore, and juggles with them finely.

The Bath of this story is, in truth, a place very different from that of which Mr. Swinburne wrote:

Peace hath here found harbourage mild as very sleep.

But the events recorded by the two Castles are laid in the second part of the eighteenth century, and Bath has had time to settle down.

Mistress Bellairs is unscrupulous, but delightful. What could be better than her reply to the heroine's feeble inquiry, "Would you have me coquette with my husband?" "La you there, there is the whole murder out! You are the man's lawful, honest wife, and therefore all tedium and homeliness."

Be it said that the brightness and dash of the novel are unflinching. We are not among the realities, but was there ever anybody among them in Bath when the Old Great Pump Room was the capital of the world of fashion?

Becky. By Helen Mathers.
(Pearson. 6s.)

IF we were omnipotent we would appoint somebody to prevent Miss Helen Mathers from spoiling her work. It is a pity that he would be too late to rescue "Becky" from the absurdity of the "head." The head in question is not King Charles's, except for the purpose of metaphor, but the baked head of an Indian warrior and the cause of "that ugly bulge [in David's breast-pocket] which always discounted so grievously the joint benefactions of Nature and his tailor." There is murder on account of that head, but nothing lifts it into dignity or importance, or relevance: it is just a bad joke.

In the following passage, strength and weakness lie side by side. David, it should be explained, loves Becky, but is engaged to another woman; this fact does not, however, prevent him from taking Becky to task for her conduct during a dinner-party:

"Then you remarked *à propos* of a pair of lovers near that man was exactly like a tom cat; when courting he was all alive, but when he wasn't courting he sulked, and made himself a nuisance at home, like a cantankerous married man!"

"What a memory you have," said Becky in admiring wonder; "really I had no idea I said so many smart things. I'll buy you a note-book, and you shall be Boswell to my Johnson, and publish it, and we'll divide the swag!"

"There are plenty more," said David, who was striding about the room. "You told Melville that you thought it would be lovely to be born a rich widow!"

"So I do; cut the cackle and come to the horses, you know," murmured Becky sweetly.

David fairly clutched his hands with rage.

"And you call yourself a decent woman," he said, with a sneer that made him positively hideous.

It does not take a detective to see that this conversation is

simply a clumsy vehicle for showing off Becky's "smartness," for no man could lash himself into a temper in such a ridiculous way. It is also obvious that while David is here a mere puppet through which Becky's wit is handed down to us, Becky herself has individuality and animation. There lies the strength of the novel. Becky is alive. It may be added that, though very high-spirited, she is one of the many women who enjoy being beaten by the right man. A fervid Imperialistic note sounds in the book, which is the apotheosis of the pioneer.

"Thank God we have Rhodes," said Billy.

"Rhodes is South Africa and South Africa is Rhodes," said Walter, "and we do thank God for him."

From this fragment of conversation it will be perceived that the book, though unconventional and sometimes grotesque, is not lacking in piety. Moreover, it is readable.

Anima Vilis: a Tale of the Great Siberian Steppe. By Marya Rodziewicz. Translated by S. C. de Soissons. (Jarrold.)

LIKE so much of what comes to us from her countrymen, the work of this Polish lady, new to the English-speaking public, is of a melancholy cast.

Antoni Mrozowiecki is a young man of blameless manners; yet from the cradle, wherein he was defrauded of his patrimony, to the moment when he is presented to us reduced by the hazard of the road to his last halfpence upon his way to the Siberian village of Lebiaza, he is ever the football of malignant destiny. In the house of his host he is still pursued by ill-luck; at every turn he finds himself in a false position, his honesty discredited, his most hopeful enterprises turned to shame and ridicule. His benefactor is driven to doubt his honesty, and presently he is haled to Tobolsk for a murderer. Finally, within twelve hours of his marriage he is overwhelmed, with his Marya, by a blizzard. So that the despondent exclamation of his good friend Andryanek—"Even if we find them they will be frozen. How unfortunate my poor friend is!"—has the effect, by its very inadequacy, of comic relief. Here, however, is the end of his troubles. Marya can predict, "Antoni, it is our last misfortune"; and he liturgically may reply, "Thank God!" For such immunity is attributed by Siberian superstition to him who has cheated the blizzard.

But the strange community—the weird land! Antoni's host is a doctor of medicine who buys and sells oxen and millinery, furnishes dram-shops with liquor, and peddles scythes through the countryside when the black eight-months winter has broken down before a sudden breath out of the Asiatic desert. "Within two days the steppe was black; in five it showed signs of life; in a week it was green."

In the melting of Marya the intelligent reader may easily trace an analogy to this change of the season:

"I never said anything about it to anyone," she said thoughtfully, "but it has always seemed to me that this perpetual martyrdom this longing which must be overcome, has made me wicked. I think that one to whom it is forbidden to love his own country cannot love anything. Such a man or woman does not attain his full growth—he does not blossom, but becomes dried-up stubble. . . ."

"Do you know that there are some days when one is afraid to touch a knife . . . !"

Of the natives, she asks:

"Have you not noticed that they never laugh heartily? They are never merry without vodka! This country stunts the human mind."

Already, when she has become so communicative, the first warm breath has blown upon her soul. Presently she softens altogether, and blossoms like a peach on the sombre brown of the story.

Miss Rodziewicz is a writer of power and intensity of vision. The translator, however, can hardly be said to have done her justice.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE QUEST OF MR. EAST.

BY JOHN SCANE.

An original and well-thought-out novel. The spiritual and material adventures of Edward St. John in his quest of Mr. East—a kind of modern hermit—are good reading to those who, like St. John, are in quest of "the principle of unity in history and in modern life" which, if found, would compose all the differences of creeds. An important, if improbable, character is Father Optate, a learned Roman Catholic priest, who before he dies delivers his soul in an astonishing manner. (Constable. 6s.)

A DREAM OF A THRONE.

BY CHARLES FLEMING EMBREE.

The story of a Mexican revolt. Says the hermit to the hero: "Child, to save a lost and fallen race is the noblest calling that a man can have. If that race be your own, and its blood leap in you, and you be fighting the battle of your butchered fathers, and winning that which is by God's right yours, the task is infinitely great. Do you know, child, whose is that task? . . . Boy, that task is yours." The tale is full of action, and is enlivened with patios, jefes, mozos, and sopladors. (Gay & Bird. 6s.)

THE MYSTERY OF MUNCRAIG. BY ROBERT JAMES MUIR.

The kailyard again, with ministers and whisky and the Psalms of David—and Scottish life generally, by one who knows it. The story opens in Edinburgh in 1861, and the hero is charged with piracy in the South Seas, a circumstance which provides a pretty proposal scene later. "You haven't asked me yet." "No! It has never been my way to ask for things." "Oh!" said Isobel, trying to look in his face, "I suppose you—pirates—just—take—things?" "We do," said Rob. And he took one." (Unwin. 6s.)

THE NORTHERN BELLE.

BY JOHN WERGE.

A "Diamond Jubilee Romance," in which a major brings his daughter to London and talks to her, by the page, like this: "We are now passing the Hotel Cecil, but it is partially obscured by these shops, which, however, are soon to be removed. Down this street is the Savoy Hotel and Theatre, and here is Terry's Theatre. There are some very handsome shops between the places I have named, but they are nearly all closed at this time of night. Now we are at Somerset House, a large building extending to the Embankment, and having a fine river frontage." (Digby, Long & Co. 6s.)

THE QUEEN WASP.

BY JEAN MIDDLEMASS.

A story of society match-making and shady finance, opening on an evening when Grosvenor-place was "instinct with life and aglow with light." "Lady Sabina looked round. 'Harry, dear,' she suggested, 'will you go and tell the bandmaster to begin playing?' He did as he was bidden. Harry Jolliffe always tried to do what his wife wished. He was desperately in love with her—worshipped the very ground she walked on. Alas! it is not always those who love the most who bring to others the greatest meed of happiness." (Digby, Long & Co. 6s.)

BETTINA.

BY MAY CROMMELIN.

Bettina's fate is to be left by her Russian mother at the door of an English merchant at St. Petersburg. Her bringing up in England, and the discovery of her romantic and aristocratic origin, make the story, which is quite readable. (John Long. 6s.)

THE DESPATCH RIDER.

BY ERNEST GLANVILLE.

This story, by the author of *The Kloof Bride*, gives us the atmosphere of the early days of the Boer war in Natal. The first days of the siege of Ladysmith and the arrival of General Buller are described. (Methuen. 6s.)

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The Vogue of "Reminiscences."

THERE is a magic in all remembrance of one age by another. The past within a past—how remote, how vivid it seems! How we warm to Cicero, and feel his antiquity in a flash, when we find him remembering the figures that moved about Rome in his boyhood.

There was old Caius Duilius, Marcus's son, he that gave the first blow to the pride of Carthage by sea. Many a time, when I was a youngster, have I stood to look upon him as he was marching home after supper, with a wax-taper to light him, and a violin playing before him. That was always his humour, and the great reputation of the man easily justified the levity.

How that figure engages itself to live in the mind, and gives the sense of immemorial distance. And why? Because it is recollected by Cicero, not related by Mommsen. It would be easy to collect such passages. One we will quote for its beauty. It seems more than probable that Defoe described his own boyish curiosity, and insatiable love of a story, when he wrote this passage about his boy hero, Captain Jack—a passage which no Englishman can read without a thrill.

In this way of talk, I was always upon the inquiry, asking questions of things done in public, as well as in private; particularly, I loved to talk with seamen and soldiers about the war, and about the great sea-fights, or battles on shore, that any of them had been in; and, as I never forgot anything they told me, I could soon, that is to say, in a few years, give almost as good an account of the Dutch war, and of the fights at sea, the battles in Flanders, the taking of Maestricht, and the like, as any of those that had been there; and this made those old soldiers and tars love to talk with me too, and to tell me all the stories they could think of, and that not only of the wars then going on, but also of the wars in Oliver's time, the death of King Charles I. and the like.

Nor does the power of reminiscence end soon. While it enlarges and flatters our grasp of life it is all the time making that grasp more sane, more deliberate, less childishly tight; it is preparing us to let all go. We see how men were witty, were fed, were in love, were powerful, were eccentric, were envied—but how they, who differed so widely and piquantly in life, were huddled into Charon's boat together. There is a page of Hazlitt that is something to the point. Calling on Northcote one day, he found the painter half regretting that he had just sold a whole-length portrait of an Italian girl, which had become an old friend. The purchaser had said to him: "You may at least depend upon it that it will not be sold again for many generations." The picture was still in the studio, and Northcote showed it to Hazlitt.

On my expressing my admiration of the portrait of the Italian lady, he said she was the mother of Mme. Bellochi, and was still living; that he had painted it at Rome about the year 1780; that her family was originally Greek; and that he had known her, her daughter, her mother, and grandmother. She and a sister, who was with her, were at that time full of the most charming gaiety and innocence. The old woman used to sit upon the ground

without moving or speaking, with her arm over her head, and exactly like a bundle of old clothes. Alas! thought I, what are we but a heap of clay resting upon the earth, and ready to crumble into dust and ashes.

However careless, "genial," and superficially chatty recollections may be, they are, at least, a personal record of the world when it was preparing itself for your own distinguished advent; and out of that adjacent past, and out of the crowd of men so nearly your contemporaries, who might have been your uncles, there issues many a sharp analogy, many a conversation one would like to have carried further, many a stray shot at the conscience which the reader must ward off as he can.

To-day the flow of reminiscences is a torrent without precedent, but not without proportion or explanation. For there was never an age in which writing was so fashionable or recollection so rich. An old man who has never dreamed to distinguish himself as an author through all the years of his strength, may do so if he will only sit down and dictate to the phonograph what he remembers of the tinder-box. Is it strange that many do it?

So wonderfully has the social life of England changed in the Queen's reign that the personal identity of the nation has almost wanted proof; and this proof the reminiscence writers have furnished. It may be found, in infinite witness-box variety, in the published recollections of Mr. Justin McCarthy, Henry Vizetelly, Sir Algernon West, Sir Edward Russell, Dr. B. W. Richardson, the Right Hon. Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, Mr. W. J. Linton, Fanny Kemble, Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie, Sir Harry Keppel, Mr. A. J. C. Hare, Stacey Marks, Dr. Newman Hall, Frederick Locker, Mr. Joseph Arch, Miss Betham-Edwards, Mr. G. W. E. Russell, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, Admiral Sir John C. Dalrymple Hay, Mr. James Payn, Mr. T. A. Trollope, Mrs. M. C. M. Simpson, Prof. Max Müller, Walter White, Mrs. Oliphant, Mr. Baring-Gould. If this list, written down from memory, seems wearisome, consider its utter incompleteness! We will add to it only the name of Mr. Sutherland Edwards, who has just published his *Personal Recollections* through Messrs. Cassell. His anecdotalage, which is gay and tragic, and wholly readable, begins at a time when Fleet-street was paved with cobbles, and when no omnibus charged less than sixpence to carry a Londoner the length of the Strand.

Those who had business to transact in the City went there in cabs; but there was little communication between the two extremities. . . . Ladies did not use these cabs. They were out of everything. No lady was admitted into a restaurant, nor into the coffee-room of an hotel, nor into an hotel at all if travelling by herself. Ladies who, in the middle of the day, were kept from home by the pleasures and pains of shopping, went for lunch to pastrycooks' shops, where they got indigestion by eating raspberry tarts. . . . In families where no carriage was kept ladies going out for the evening had to take what was called a "glass coach." . . . A lady living alone in apartments could not in those days receive a visit from a gentleman; still less could a gentleman living alone receive a lady in his rooms. . . . It was scarcely fashionable to go to the play, and few persons went there in evening dress. The theatrical saloon, whose abominations were put an end to by Macready, was a disgusting place. . . . Very little money was spent on stage production. Painted calico did duty for silk and satin, spangles for jewellery; it was held and believed that for stage purposes imitation was better than the real thing.

This is the world which Mr. Edwards peoples with men like the seven Mahews, the three Salas, Macready and Hans von Bülow, Douglas Jerrold and Shirley Brooks, Gavarni and Albert Smith, Edward Tinsley the publisher, and E. S. F. Pigott, the Censor of Plays—Thackeray and Browning, and Rubenstein lending their distinction. The same world has been described very, very often, but

apparently people do not tire of hearing of these men and their times. A faint odour of palled punch and stale tobacco is wafted from the pages, and strange tints of old play-bills are flashed on one's vision, and kind things are said of good fellows who went to the wall in the fifties by the methods then in vogue, and skits, and "witty" articles, and "agreeable" satires are quoted, and it is all amazingly ancient-modern. This vein of early and mid-Victorian anecdote will be worked out presently; and then? Will our own day have its small chroniclers? Will men write quaint and much quoted pages about the first cinematograph shown in London, and the Vagabonds' Club, and the late Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, and the supremacy of the novel, and the automatic scent sprinkler, and the motor omnibuses, and the Aerated Bread Company, and the "Souls." And will Mr. Bernard Shaw, and Mr. Andrew Lang, and Mr. John Kensit, and Mr. W. B. Yeats, and Bugler Dunne shine as stars in the anecdotal firmament of 1950? Doubtless. But the present fervour of reminiscence must, we think, pass away. It is natural that the Victorian era and the Nineteenth Century should put their papers in order. It is between those two worlds of Matthew Arnold, the one worn out, the other not ready to be born, that the cataracts of reminiscence have been heard all day long. It will be under similar conditions that the next wave of Reminiscence will arrive.

The Scholars and the Poet: a Parable.

ONCE there were four Scholars who all their lives spent much time and labour and learning in studying the works of a great Poet. And it chanced that they all died on the same night, and came together to the place of departed spirits; and, because they had given much devotion to this task, it was granted them for a boon that they should each make one request of the Poet himself. So they were brought to where he sat; and around him many were gathered, but at a little distance, for they might not draw nearer unless he called them.

And when the first Scholar was bidden approach, he said: "Tell me, I pray you, of your courtesy, concerning those sonnets of yours, whether they were in truth written of a certain lord." But the Poet only answered: "Look, yonder is my lord himself of whom you speak. Go and see whether he will talk with you of the matter."

So the Scholar turned away sorrowful.

And the second asked of a certain work of the Poet's youth, which of its lines were written by himself and which by another. But the Poet smiled and said: "Nay, I cannot now remember. But yonder is a learned Doctor who has studied the matter more nearly than I have. He will reveal it all to you if you ask him."

And the third Scholar said: "Know you not that some of your writings are deemed to be immoral in their essence, and others in their form, and therefore there are some who speak ill of you. Tell me how you would defend yourself against their accusations." And there was no displeasure in the Poet's smile as he answered: "Perchance my words thereon would not satisfy you. But here is a grave Professor who has written a book on this very matter. Inquire of him concerning it."

So this Scholar turned away like the others.

But when the fourth Scholar came, who on earth was accounted to have more love and understanding of the Poet than they all, he sat down at the Poet's feet, and, looking up into his face, said, as the children say, "Tell me a story." And the Poet's eye was kind, and his voice was gentle, as he told the Scholar a new story of love and joyousness and happy laughter. But the others were still held in talk by those to whom the Poet had sent them, and being a little way off they could not listen to the story. So they never heard it.

A Laureate's Satire.

Is Mr. Alfred Austin's satire, *The Season*, on sale at his publishers'? I should fancy it is not. "A new and revised edition, being the third," came out in 1869 with the imprint of Mr. John Camden Hotten; that edition, I take it, was disposed of long ago, and I have not heard of its being followed by another. The work is not of the kind which appeals to its writer when he has achieved a position of less freedom and more responsibility. Much has happened in Mr. Austin's public life since 1869. In 1862, when *The Season* first came out, matters were different. Its author was then only twenty-six years old. He had already published two books, but one of them had been anonymous, and neither had made any particular impression.

Practically, when *The Season* appeared, Mr. Austin made his literary debut. It was the foundation, certainly, of his literary reputation. "Dedicated to Disraeli," says Mr. Escott in a recent volume (*Personal Forces of the Period*), "it secured the warmest recognition of Mr. Gladstone and his old select literary and scholarly friends." The book was not dedicated in the first instance to Disraeli. The first edition contained no dedication; it is in the second edition, issued very soon after the first, that we find the inscription: "To the Rt. Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, M.P., by one who reveres his genius and exults in his success."

The first edition had been issued by Robert Hardwicke, of Piccadilly; the second bore on the title-page as publisher the name of George Manwaring, of King William-street, Strand. Had Mr. Hardwicke been alarmed by the hubbub which *The Season* had created? For it did create a hubbub—and no wonder. There had been nothing in the way of rhythmic satire, at once so vivid and so vigorous, since the appearance of *The New Timon*—an interval of fifteen years. The writer had his literary spurs to win, and did not hesitate to lay about him with a will. He was, or persuaded himself that he was, very much in earnest. In one place he wrote:

I am, I must insist,
A most uncompromising moralist.

And in another:

Who think by verse to better make the bad,
I grant it freely, must be vain or mad. . . .
Yet in an Age when each one deftly hides
The scorn he feels for every one besides,
I claim the precious privilege of youth,
Never to speak except to speak the truth.

He certainly seems to have lashed himself into a state of violent indignation. The slightest thing would set him off. The anger which he could not introduce into the rhymed text overflowed into the prose annotations. Thus, below a couplet on the younger Lytton—

Compete with [Owen] Meredith; discreetly steal
Your plot, your apophthegms, and top "Lucile"—

one found these sentences:

This clever but somewhat spasmodic young man, who is too modest to write under his patronymic, is perhaps too modest likewise to have his own opinions. But if he will not adopt the name to which he has a right, why does he adopt and dress up again for the public, already well acquainted with them, the dicta of his father, to which he has none?

Neither of these passages is to be seen in the third (and latest revised) edition of the Satire, which nevertheless includes all the most pungent portions of the original work. If you possess a copy of that third edition, you have all that is best in *The Season* as first published. And some of that best is excellent of its kind. A good deal of it, of course, is necessarily somewhat jejune after the

lapse of so many years. The scorn poured by Mr. Austin upon designing damsels and match-making mammas, upon the popularity of "La Traviata" and the opera-ballet, and upon the *morale* of the ball-room generally, strikes one nowadays as trite. It was expressed, however, in a style which deserves to be remembered. Some of the writer's single lines, such as that about "the half-drunk" leaning over "the half-dressed," are assuredly pointed, if a little brutal. Genuinely epigrammatic, too, are such couplets as these:

What is the spell that 'twixt a saint or sinner
The difference makes? a sermon? bah! a dinner.
The odds and ends our silken Clarissas waste
Would keep our calico Clarissas chaste. . .
A hundred pounds would coy have made the nude,
A thousand pounds the prostitute a prude.

The poor votaries of fashion have never, probably, been so severely lashed as by this satirist in his twenties:

The padded corsage and the well-matched hair,
Judicious jupon spreading out the spare,
Sleeves well designed false plumpness to impart,
Leave vacant still the hollows of the heart.

So with ladies at the opera:

Their rounded, pliant, silent-straying arms
Seem sent to guard, yet manifest their charms.
Mark how the lorgnettes cautiously they raise
Lest points, no pose so thoughtless but displays,
A too quick curiosity should hide—
For they who gaze must gaze at be beside.

There was, I fancy, only one person about whom in the first edition of *The Season* its author had something pleasant to say; and that was Her Majesty the Queen, whose virtues were eloquently celebrated. This, at any rate, is a passage on which Mr. Austin can afford to look back with satisfaction. Elsewhere in the satire he had ironically suggested that contemporary bards should, with other things,

Industriously labour languid lays,
Beloved of Courts, and snatch the Poet's bays!

Only the very ungenerous would nowadays turn these lines against their writer.

The stiff press criticism to which *The Season* was subjected led Mr. Austin to pen (in the same year) a reply, also in the conventional couplets, called "My Satire and its Censors." In this, again, there is much that is vigorous and vivid, but nothing quite so excellent, in a literary sense, as the best things in *The Season*. It is all very pointed and pungent, but, of necessity, only for the day. Mr. Austin was himself taken to task in yet another satire, written by Mr. Brook B. Stevens, and entitled "Seasoning for a Seasoner." In this composition Mr. Austin was certainly well peppered, but with no permanent effect. "Seasoning for a Seasoner," like "My Satire and its Censors," is, I take it, rarely read. *The Season*, on the other hand, has some claim to be regarded as a minor classic. It may, indeed, outlive much of the verse on which perchance the Laureate more prides himself.

A.

The Charwoman.

SHE is an elderly person and she cleans shoes till you can see your face in them. But her ideas are limited.

We told her that Mafeking had been relieved. She did not understand. We told her that it had been surrounded by the enemy, so that none should leave the village and none enter it. She said it was a shame, but she did not seem to understand.

We then told her that the besieged had been living on horseflesh. Her gaunt face lighted up. "I knew a girl once who ate cat's-meat," she said.

Correspondence.

"Soft as Velvet."

SIR,—I observe that, in a review of *The Chaucer Canon*, in your last number of the ACADEMY, the following statement occurs: "*Soft as velvet* has, we take it, been a stock description of turf at all times since velvet was invented." My argument is, to some extent, founded on the fact that such a statement is quite unwarranted; and that, as a matter of fact, the expression "*soft as velvet*" does not occur (outside of the two passages which I compare) in any English poem whatever, anonymous or otherwise, before the year 1500. It may even be doubted whether it occurs elsewhere before 1600. Certainly, it does not occur in Shakespeare, nor in Milton; the former has only "*velvet leaves*" or "*velvet buds*," and the latter has "*the cowslip's velvet head*"; and that is all.

Before 1500, the occurrence of the word *velvet* is by no means common. It is found, of course, in wills and inventories as far back as 1319, and in glossaries; but in poetry it only occurs twice in Chaucer, a few times in Lydgate, once in Sir Launfal, thrice in "The Flower and the Leaf"; but *where else*? This is precisely the point at issue. Seeing that "*soft as velvet*" is "a stock description," may we be favoured with a few quotations, of early date, in support of this assumption?—I am, &c.,

WALTER W. SKEAT.

2, Salisbury-villas, Cambridge.

The Supremacy of Fiction.

SIR,—I have read, in a docile spirit, Miss Frances Forbes-Robertson's remarks on my remarks about the predominance of Fiction and "Fictionalists." This pleasing word I borrow from contemporary criticism: perhaps we shall soon read about "jurisdictionalists." I am prepared for anything. My humble essay, "On the Supremacy of the Novel," was prompted by Lytton's preface to *Pelham*. Seventy years ago Lytton frankly stated that he wrote novels because nothing else paid. Am I wrong in thinking that nothing else is remunerative now? For, of course, books about the war, and reminiscences, and educational books, and legal books are not, usually, "literature." I said, "we produce novels only." Miss Forbes-Robertson then talks about great works of philosophy, history, and poesy, written in my "lifetime." But I myself spoke of *these*; when I say "we produce," and so on, I allude to the living present. Miss Forbes-Robertson then avers that "there is an immense population that in past generations never read anything." How could it read anything before it was born? unless this lady believes, like the Arunta, in reincarnation. My fair censor goes on thus: "This taste of the crowd neither augments nor diminishes the number of serious readers, unless, indeed, towards reading at all." The meaning of the text entirely escapes me. How can a taste augment or diminish a number, or *not* do so, "unless towards reading at all"? And how, next, can "the public that reads serious literature" be (as the lady avers) "equally greater in number." Equally greater than what? Miss Forbes-Robertson is certain that the works of Mr. Meredith and Mr. James "tower above the expositions of subjective philosophers, metaphysical meanderings, tirades of criticism, or catalogues of historical events Mr. Lang deploras [*sic*] as no longer read." I cannot admit that even Mr. Henry James, "in every kind of way," towers above Kant, Hume, Hazlitt, or Gibbon. In how many ways can even Mr. James tower? But these authors—Mr. James, and the philosophers and historians—do not work in the same matter. Even if Mr. James towers above them (which I don't think he does), we need not neglect criticism, history, and philosophy because, in fiction, Mr. James towers. I am supposed to condemn "great novels." This is a misapprehension. I would

liefer have written *Old Mortality* or *Esmond* than all the works of Locke. I do not "contemn the literature which takes the form of a novel." I only wish that *literature* did take that form more frequently. I do say, and I keep on saying, that novels are almost, if not altogether, the only form of literature that is remunerative now. But I think, and I said, that a new Froude, Macaulay, or Tennyson would even now find readers. Still, I do not observe that poetry or history has, at present, any such authors as Tennyson, Macaulay, and Froude.

I am sorry to seem to accuse a lady controversialist of an *ignoratio elenchi*, but by these hard terms the logician is apt to style arguments like hers.—I am, &c.,

A. LANG.

Book Titles.

SIR,—Is there no available register of book titles which authors could consult before deciding how to name their books? Twice in the same day I have come across the duplication of titles. Two years ago Mr. John Lane published a novel of high quality by Mr. E. A. Bennett, called *A Man from the North*. And now I find "The Man from the North" at the head of a story by Mr. A. Gissing in a ladies' weekly. One of the most readable books on the war, *Sidelights on South Africa*, by Roy Devereux, came out in the earliest crop of South African works issued since the Boer ultimatum. This week's papers review a work by Lady Sykes called *Sidelights on the War in South Africa*. Surely something can be done to prevent this.—I am, &c.,

MAUD STEPNEY RAWSON.

21, Greycoat-gardens, Victoria-street, S.W.:

May 22, 1900.

The Missing Word.

SIR,—May I quote from a letter I received from a Welsh correspondent? The following quotation is from Milton's *Of Reformation in England*: "O Thou that . . . didst build up this Brittanic Empire to a glorious height, with all her daughter islands about her," &c. If Brittanic Empire denotes the Empire, then (by analogy of Teuton and Teutonic Empire) a subject of the Brittanic Empire is a Briton. The Americans recognise this in a way by the term *Britisher*—a subject of the British Empire. Brittanic for Briton seems far more dignified and quite as accurately descriptive terms. Possibly it may be objected that Briton is open to the same racial interpretation as Englander, but we do not say the English Empire.—I am, &c.,

H. LOGAN.

Sandgate, Prestwick: May 15, 1900.

[This correspondence must now cease.—ED.]

New Books Received.

[These notes on some of the New Books of the week are preliminary to Reviews that may follow.]

PAUSANIAS, AND OTHER GREEK
SKETCHES.

BY J. G. FRAZER.

This is the promised abridgment, or rather the quintessence, of Prof. Frazer's great Commentary on Pausanias' *Description of Greece*, published two years ago. "Slight and fragmentary as these sketches are," says the author, "I am not without hope that they will convey to readers who have never seen Greece something of the eternal charm of its scenery." The places described include Marathon, Mount Hymettus, Phyle, the Port of Athens, the Sacred Way, Megara, Nemea, Delphi, the Lernean Marsh, and many other spots. (Macmillan. 5s.)

DRIFT.

BY HORATIO F. BROWN.

Mr. Horatio Brown has spun many verses in the intervals of writing prose such as his *Venetian Studies*, *John Addington Symonds: a Biography*, and *Life on the Lagoons*. If we are not mistaken, many of these verses, modestly entitled *Drift*, were first printed in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The following stanzas are from one of the lighter pieces, called "Bored: At a London Music":

Two rows of foolish faces bent
In two blurred lines; the compliment
Too formal smile, the cultured air,
The sense of falseness everywhere,
Her ladyship superbly dressed—
I liked their footman, John, the best.

The tired musicians' ruffled mien,
Their whispered talk behind the screen,
The frigid plaudits, quite confined
By fear of being unrefined.
His lordship's grave and courtly jest—
I liked their footman, John, the best.

(Grant Richards. 5s. net.)

THE STORY OF BADEN-POWELL. BY HAROLD BEGBIE.

Obviously a timely book. In "An Introductory Fragment on no Account to be Skipped," Mr. Begbie says:

Ask those who know him best what manner of man he is, and the immediate answer . . . is this: "He's the funniest beggar on earth." And then . . . your informant will suddenly grow serious and tell you what a straight fellow he is, what a loyal friend, what an enthusiastic soldier. But it is ever his fun first.

(Grant Richards.)

LUCRETIUS ON LIFE AND DEATH. BY W. H. MALLOCK.

This is the rendering of certain passages in Lucretius into English, and into the metre of *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*, to which we drew attention when it appeared in the *Anglo-Saxon*. We then pointed out that Mr. Mallock's idea has been to reduce Lucretius and Omar to a common literary denominator, and so bring out that likeness between the philosophies of the Persian and Roman poets which has been remarked by more critics than one. We quoted the stanza:

Globed from the atoms falling slow or swift
I see the suns, I see the systems lit
Their forms, and even the systems and the suns
Shall go back slowly to the eternal drift.

The poem is very handsomely enshrined in white vellum covers. (Black. 10s. net.)

TCHAIKOVSKY.

BY ROSA NEWMARCH.

Six years have elapsed since Tchaikovsky's death, and the authorised *Life and Letters* is not yet forthcoming. From widely scattered sources Miss Newmarch has gathered the materials for a book which, though inevitably patchy, is likely to meet the English demand for information about the composer of "The Pathetic" Symphony. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

ALL ABOUT DOGS.

BY CHARLES HENRY LANE.

Mr. Lane is a well-known breeder and exhibitor of dogs, and into these pages he pours his knowledge of all sorts and conditions of dogs, the humours of the Show Ring, doggy anecdotes, and what not. The book contains four hundred large octavo pages, and is profusely illustrated. (John Lane. 7s. 6d. net.)

In addition to the foregoing, we have received:

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Haweis (Rev. H. R.), *The Story of the Four Evangelists* (Burnet & Isbister) /6
Rutherford (W. G.), *St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans* (Macmillan)
Burn (J. H.), *For Quiet Moments: Devotional Readings from the Writings of the Right Rev. G. H. Wilkinson, D.D.* (Wells Gardner) 2/6

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

- Skirne (J. Huntley) *The Queen's Highway* (Mathews) net 1/0
 Rossetti (D. G.), *Lenore*. By Gottfried August Bürger (Ellis & Elvey)
 Miller (Alexander), *Bacchus and Bohemia* (Published by the Author)
 Eudemus, *Lays of Ancient Greece* (Redway) net 1/0
 Ford (Harold), *Shakespeare's Hamlet: a New Theory* (Stock) net 2/6

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- Brooks (Noah), *Henry Knox: a Soldier of the Revolution* (Putnam's Sons) 6/0
 Firth (Charles), *Heroes of the Nations: Oliver Cromwell, and the Rule of the Puritans in England* (Putnam's Sons) 5/0
 Smith (G. G.), *Periods of European Literature: The Transition Period* (Blackwood) net 5/0
 Macdonald (Rev. A.), *The Clan Donald* (Northern Counties Publishing Co.)
 Stebbing (W.), *Charles Henry Pearson* (Longmans) 14/0
 Bancroft (Frederic), *The Life of William H. Seward*, 2 vols. (Harper & Bros.) 5 dol.
 Side Lights on the Reign of Terror: Being Memoirs of Mademoiselle des Echevolles. Translated by Marie Clothilde Balfour. (Lane) net 12/6
 Workman (H. B.), *The Church of the West of the Middle Ages*. Vol. II. (Kelly) 2/6

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

- Hare (Augustus J. C.), *Paris* (Allan)
Black's Guide to Paris: Exhibition Edition (Black) 1/0
Cassell's Guide to London (Cassell) 1/0

EDUCATIONAL.

- Lee (Elizabeth), *Cowper—The Task* (Blackwood) 2/6
 Robertson (J. Logie), *Milton—Paradise Lost*. Books I.-IV. (Blackwood) 2/6
 Scott (Sir Walter), *Marmion* (Black) net 1/0
 Auden (H. W.), *Cicero—in Catilinam*. I.-IV. (Blackwood) 1/6
The Agamemnon of Æschylus. With English Verse Translation. By Upper Sixth Form Boys of Bradfield College

JUVENILE.

- Begbie (Harold), *The Struwwelpeter Alphabet* (Richards) 3/6

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Clodd (Edward), *The Story of the Alphabet* (Newnes) 1/0
 Ford (W. J.), *A Cricketer on Cricket* (Sands) 2/6
 Harris (J. Henry), *Robert Raikes, The Man Who Founded the Sunday School* (Sunday School Union) 1/0
 Richards (Laura E.), *Captain January* (Bowden) 2/6
 Delbos (Leon), *The Metric System* (Methuen) 2/0
 Der Junge Breitmann in South Africa (Baskerville Printing Co.) 3
 Arnold-Forster (H. O.), *The Coming of the Kilogram* (Cassell) 1/0
 Todd (Mabel Loomis), *Total Eclipses of the Sun* (Sampson Low)
 Denney (Daniel), *Peasant Lore from Gaelic Ireland* (Nutt) net 1/0
The Annual Register, 1899 (Longmans) 18/0
The Chord. Vol. I. (Unicorn Press)
An Evening with Pusch. Vol. III. (Bradbury, Agnew) net 2/6
The Genealogical Magazine. Vol. III. (Stock)
Everyday Heroes (S.P.C.K.)
 Bennett (Arthur), *The Dream of a Warringtonian* (Sunrise Publishing Co.)
 Bradby (H. C.), *Rugby* (Bell & Sons)
 Howard (Eliot), *Studies of Non-Christian Religions* (S. P. C. K.)
 Tucker (M. A. R.), and Malleon (Hope), *Handbook to Christian and Ecclesiastical Rome*. Parts I, II, and IV. (A. & C. Black) 10/6

NEW EDITIONS.

- Dobell (Sydney), *Home in War Time*. Ed. by W. G. Hutchinson (Mathews) net 1/0
 Travers (Graham), *Mona Maclean; Medical Student*. 15th edition. (Blackwood) 2/6

* * * *New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.*

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 35 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of one guinea for the best rendering of a portion of a poem by Emil Verhaeren, which we quoted from *Iris*. The task has, we think, been enjoyed, and we have had some difficulty in awarding this prize. The charm of Verhaeren's lines is associated with a metre which is intended to convey a calm acceptance of a scene utterly dead and dreary, and itself resigned to winds and desolation. A certain weary flow of cadences, making for monotone, is needed to give the effect—a circumstance fully appreciated by most of the competitors. We have decided to award the prize to Mr. W. G. Fulford, "Eastman's," Southsea, for the following rendering.

This is the dune-land, ashen-grey,
 Deep-scored and scarred by the rough hand
 Of desolating Time—a land
 Of dead things, mournful in decay.

Grey sea, grey sky, shut in a storm-threshed ring!
 And they who endlessly go to and fro,
 The winds—the bitter, roaring winds—that wing
 The shafts of winter from their bow.

Long since died summer, long since autumn died;
 Far hence October's fled, with all its purple pride.
 Its gloom, its silence, and its pain;
 And now on, on they press,
 The hordes of winter, wild and pitiless,
 Bringing the darkness once again.

Yonder the village lies and weeps—
 Its roofs, that from the storm decline,
 Squalid and sad, in crouching heaps
 Like huddled kine;
 The night droops down, the horizon melts and fades,
 The thunder-clouds give tongue, and faint
 In answer one far bell from out the creeping shades
 Waits softly, like a little child's complaint.

And there, where in confusion lie
 The tresses of the land,
 With mourning measureless, go by
 The long dim lines of ghostly sand;
 The shore is desolate, the birds are flown,
 On the salt flats a ship heels slowly, sinking down.
 As ebbs the sea, so flows the night,
 The vacant, black and infinite.

[W. G. F., Southsea.]

Among other answers is the following:

This is the white shore of the Dunes
 That Time has wearied with decay,
 Bowed peaks, and valleys worn away,
 And hills that crumbled one by one.
 Wan sky, waste sea, the storms that gird them round!
 And those that hither sweep with icy wing,
 The howling winds, the winds that whistling sound,
 And hurl the winter from their sling.
 Summer and autumn long have past away,
 And past the misty dim October day,
 The day of purple gloom and silence drear;
 And now, with stormy stress
 The winter, winter wild and merciless,
 And its black months, again is here.
 And there below the hamlets groan,
 And houses tremble in the blast,
 Poor, sad, in heaps together thrown
 Like cattle on the waste;
 The night sweeps down, the sea-line nears,
 The cloudy legions black and fell
 Howl to the blackness, and a distant bell
 Only replies, mingled with childhood tears.
 And on the beach that hears their cry,
 These endless mourners of the land,
 Like furrows dim beneath the sky
 Stretch the long strips of sombre sand;
 The shore is void, the birds fly past,
 The ship has vanished in the dismal vast,
 And dreary nothing follows here,
 League after league, the dreary sea.

[E. M., London.]

N.B.—Competitors will oblige by writing their names and addresses at the top of the same sheet of paper on which their answers are written, whether a letter accompanies the answer or not.

Replies also received from: R. F. McC., Whitby; F. R. A., Ealing; T. C., Buxted; E. N. A., Penarth; G. P. G., Stoke-on-Trent; M. A. C., Cambridge; C. J. S., Saltburn-by-Sea; E. H. H., Streatham; E. C. M., Crediton; F. S. H., Bath; A. W., West Hampstead; F. F., Leicester; M. T., London; A. L. M., Belfast; W. F. P., Glion sur Montreux; S. M., Addiscombe; T. B., Leicester; G. N., Bristol; E. B., Liverpool; R. H. H., London; A. W., New Brighton; L. L., Ramsgate; F. E. W., London.

Competition No. 36 (New Series).

In a little book of *Sonnets and Other Poems*, by John K. Ingram, just issued by Messrs. Black, occurs this quatrain:

Master, amid the turmoil and the strife,
 How shall my spirit calm and trustful be?
 Thus only, if the fountains of my life
 Are hidden in Humanity with thee.

The "Master" referred to is Auguste Comte. We ask our readers to send us similar quatrains in which a personal tribute is paid to a great writer. It is not necessary to hail the selected writer as "Master." His name should form the title, or it may be incorporated in the verse. A cheque for One Guinea will be sent to the competitor whose quatrain strikes us as being the most epigrammatic and impressive.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, May 22. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the third column of p. 456, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We cannot consider anonymous answers.

WILFRID M. VOYNICH.

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should have undergone a Complete Course of Training in the
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Applications, accompanied by Testimonials, should be sent
to the undersigned not later than Saturday, the 16th of June.
The Candidate elected will be required to enter upon his
duties on or about September 1st, 1900.

Further particulars may be obtained from

GEO. H. MORLEY, Secretary.

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GERMAN.

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pointment, which is from year to year, is to date from 1st
October next.

Candidates should lodge twenty copies of their application
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